



# SATURDAY NIGHT.

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## THE FRONT PAGE.

WHEN a couple of aeronauts from St. Louis landed in a farm yard in Ontario the other day it was found that, while they had thrown overboard everything they could spare in order to lighten their load, even to a couple of dozen hard boiled eggs and other weightless trifles, they clung grimly to an axe and a rifle, giving as their reason that they "did not know in what part of the wilds of Canada they might land." They were making desperate efforts to prolong their flight so that they might come to earth in Maine. They would feel quite safe in Maine. Yet that portion of Canada over which they travelled is more generally settled than the State in question. Had these aeronauts been better posted as to Canada they might have dropped gun and axe, kept their hard boiled eggs and won the race.

How long are the people of this continent going to libel the continent? No particular fault can be found with these aeronauts, because they might have landed at some point in Michigan, Ontario or Maine, where both axe and gun would have come in handy. Yet the average citizen of the United States will persist in believing that Canada possesses but a narrow strip of land north of the boundary that is arable and habitable. They speak of us as a chain of provinces, with length without breadth, and some among us have assented to this description. For half a century or more the people of the United States paid out of the national taxes for the publication of official maps which were used at home and sent all over the world, and on these maps a large area of the west was marked as "the Great American Desert." One of these old maps is to-day worth looking at. Where the desert was once supposed to exist, large cities now stand, and prosperous states have been established. The truth about Canada will be made known in time. We have regions, it is true, little settled and little adapted for settlement, and yet in the north between Toronto and Hudson's Bay, where nothing of the kind had been expected, surveyors ten years ago located a stretch of country containing millions of acres of clay land. A man who has been over the ground was so enthusiastic about it that he told me on his return that he would not be surprised if he lived to see Hudson's Bay the front door of Ontario with the backyard of the province giving on the lakes. Perhaps we shall not see this, yet his remark is worth repeating as expressing an intelligent man's enthusiasm for a region too generally regarded as an impossible wilderness.

Go west, too, and the country is found to possess width as well as length. The Grand Trunk Pacific and the Canadian Northern railways running sometimes two and sometimes four hundred miles north of the C.P.R., traverse regions where the land still further north is as good as anything to the south, recalling the words of the late Hon. A. G. Blair when he returned from that trip to the Coast which he undertook to assure himself that another transcontinental railway was required. "There is room and future need," he said, "not for one but for half a dozen such lines."

FIVE hundred miles as the crow flies north of Edmonton and seven hundred by trail and stream, is a grist mill which for many years past has ground locally grown wheat for settlers, traders and trappers. Away up at Peace River Crossing—and every reader should familiarize himself with the map of that country—Mr. Allie Brick, who represents the illimitable north in the Alberta Legislature, had this year a field of wheat that averaged fifty bushels to the acre. He had in all a crop of 4,000 bushels of wheat and 3,000 bushels of oats, untouched by frost. The land is rich, the season short and warm. During the summer the sun shines twenty hours out of the twenty-four, and wheat is ready to cut in eighty-five days after seeding, while further south it requires twenty days longer. It is claimed that there has not been a crop failure in the Peace River country since the first seed was sown.

The present Dominion Minister of the Interior, Hon. Frank Oliver, being an Edmonton man, knowing the north and having faith in it, established an Experimental Farm at Fort Vermilion, 450 miles north of Edmonton, with F. S. Lawrence in charge. Only a start was made this year, but Mr. Lawrence will soon reach Ottawa with samples of wheat in the straw and threshed, oats, barley, pumpkin, squash, cucumber, citron and many other fruits, grains and vegetables grown by himself and others. Next year the arrangements will be complete, and the far north will have something to say for itself. Joseph Murray, of Minneapolis, has just got back from Peace River, where he took up land, described by him as the richest in America. All the country needs, he says, is a market for the grain the country is impatient to grow. The first low, murmurous demand for a railway begins to be heard. Already a petition is in circulation asking the Government to build a telegraph service to Fort Vermilion. It is a request that cannot be refused.

Canada is not without width. We have plenty of it in miles as everybody knows, and men with pack horses or slipping in canoes along a thousand streams great and small, are rapidly piling up knowledge about the real possibilities of the country.

WHAT may be described as the basic worth of the country Canadians hold in their possession is coming to be better understood every month. In addition to the points already mentioned showing that our country is much more than a fringe along the northern boundary of the republic, the discoveries reported within the past thirty days may be taken as an indication of the number and value of these prize packages yet to be uncovered as we rummage through our almost limitless territorial possessions—and I have kept no record of these things, but merely mention a few of them which come to my memory at the moment. A prospecting party after being swallowed up in the Rocky Mountains since last May struck the railway track near Field, B.C., a couple of weeks ago and reported the finding of a coal area in the hills equalling in extent and value the great coal beds of the Crow's Nest Company. Word came from White Horse that fifteen or

twenty people have assembled at the point where William's creek empties into the Yukon river, call their shanties Boronite City, and expect to see it become one of the great copper camps of the world. A new coal mine has been opened up on Vancouver Island. North of Cobalt another find of silver has been made at Bloom Lake. Almost solid blocks of zinc have been taken from the mine near Port Arthur, which this year got its first fair chance to show what is in it. Prospectors report a rich gold strike in British Columbia, among those everlasting hills of whose secrets we as yet know so little.

In fact there is every reason to suppose that we are but at the beginning of our history as a mineral producing country. Not only at our beginning in that respect, but also as a wheat producing country—in fact we only begin to comprehend the breadth of our foundations as a country. If we do not build high and strong the fault will be with the builders.

JUST now there is a tendency to borrow gloom and distrust from New York, where they have more than they need. Yet no country was ever better placed to withstand

press has its. To put it another way, if the newspapers want to do any pot-hunting they should do it in season. Just now is the close season for hunting financial big game, and the one who goes gunning now has the malice to eradicate the species. Don't shoot the oxen which are hauling the whole load.

CORONERS are doctors and doctors are members of a very strict and jealous organization maintained for the protection of society and the preservation of their own privileges. Therefore, when a person dies under the treatment of a mind curist, or any other kind of freak practitioner, society may rest assured that the law will prosecute a thorough investigation and punish if punishment be possible.

But when a person dies under the treatment of a licensed practitioner the body is buried and the facts with it. Stories sometimes come to our ears which make us wonder why leading men in the medical profession do not take steps to protect the credit of the profession—by devoting attention to doctors who bungle everything they touch, or another class who subsist largely by illegal prac-

most accomplished and inveterate of drinkers and not the kind of man to take kindly to restraints nor to impose on himself harsh self-denials. The South of which we have read in fiction and biography seems an unlikely place for teetotalism to find general favor—it is such a very long way from the mint julep to Local Option, abolished bars, dry sideboards and empty cellars. The newspapers speak not only with surprise of the strides the South is making towards prohibition of the liquor trade, but with reproach because the Northern States and Canada are not making as rapid progress along the same line.

Much that has been said on this subject, however, is either ill-informed or uncandid. The movement in the South is very different from anything within our experience in Canada. In voting the "dry" ticket they are responding less to moral considerations than to a racial necessity. The South is forced to exclude liquor on account of the negro. Intoxicants have got to be kept beyond the reach of the black hand. It is dangerous to let alcohol inflame the brutish mind. White men whose ancestors have been seasoned to the drug for a thousand years can be had enough under its influence, but much worse are the blacks whose grandfathers ran naked in African jungles and ate the prisoners of their bows and spears. In the slavery days the planter could sip his mint julep on his veranda and prohibit the stone jug at the barbecue or at the possum feast in the hut, but to-day it is different, and he is prepared to go to any length of self-denial if he can but banish the jug and keep the black South in control. He has got to do it. It is one of many things the South will have to do, whether or no, because of the race problem. Over wide areas the white population is submerged in the black, and, although the whites rule, they do so by assertiveness, mental superiority and a display of unflinching nerve. The keeping of liquor out of the hands of a vast black population becomes a necessity, not only for the sake of the blacks, but for the safety of white life and white men's property.

HUGH GRAHAM of the Montreal Star has issued a lengthy statement giving an account of his contributions to the Conservative campaign fund in the last Dominion elections. The result of this will be that his political opponents will think that he is not telling it all, while his political friends will believe him and will feel that he did not sacrifice as much money on their behalf as they had given him credit for. Mr. Graham's newspaper has jeered at so many statements similar to his own that one is surprised that he ventured into print expecting to get any advantage or satisfaction out of it.

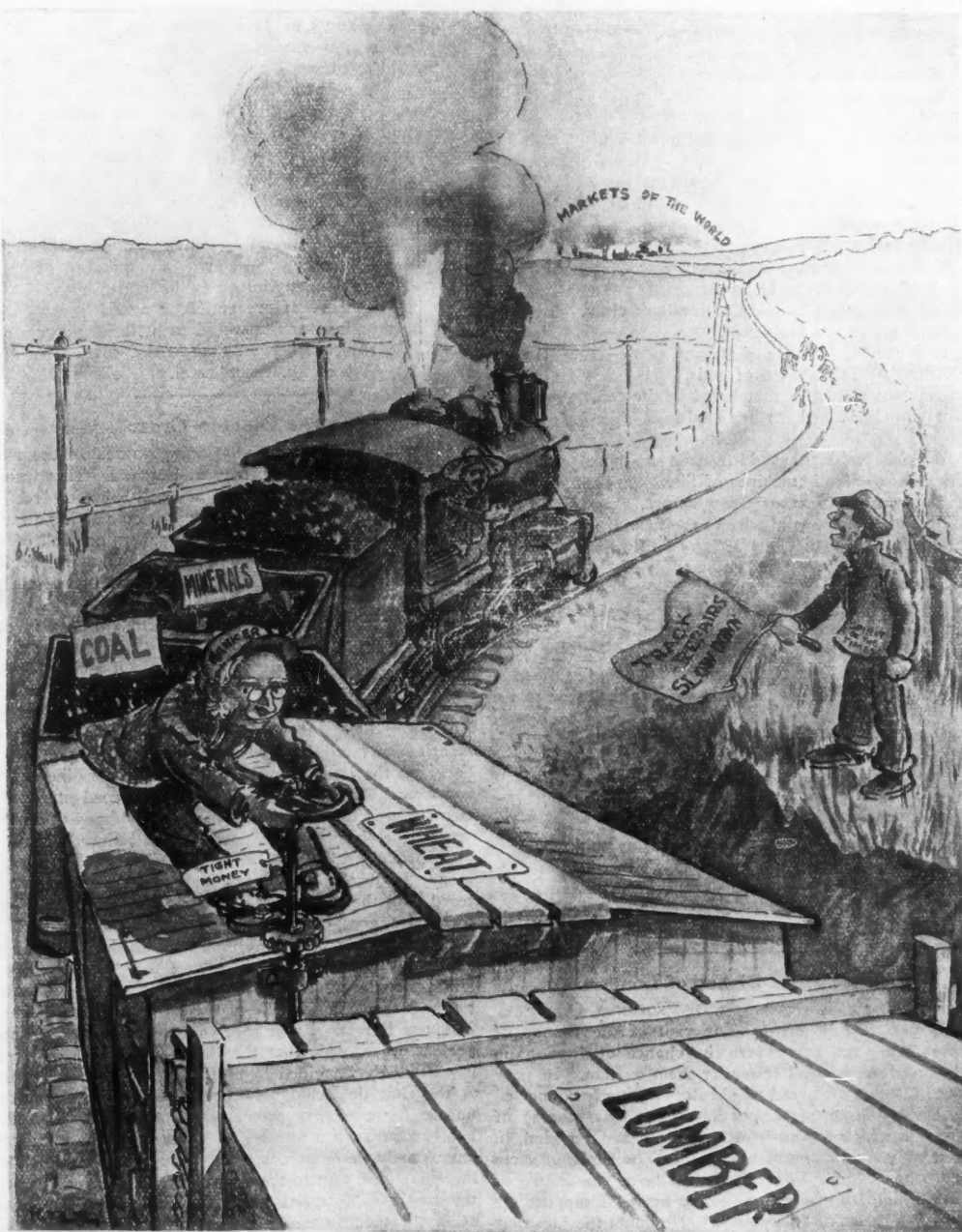
HON. W. J. HANNA is a very good sample of a man who has no delusions as to the need for making explanations. No matter what newspapers or political opponents say of him he merely whistles and jogs along the road attending to his usual chores. So much is said in criticism of him that he is generally seen with a look of real or well-feigned surprise on his face. But he doesn't talk. He does not explain. He seems to know that a politician's explanation is not needed by his friends, not believed by his enemies, and not read by others. This is a great deal for a man who is yet young in politics to know, and is one of several surface indications of Mr. Hanna's political sagacity.

LAST week there reached me from the Imperial Protestant Federation, with headquarters on the Strand, London, copies of some letters exchanged between that society and the office of the British Foreign Secretary, concerning the newspaper report that a body of officers and men from a British war vessel had paid their respects to the Pope at the Vatican, had been received, addressed, and blessed. The Imperial Protestant Federation desired to know if such a visit had been paid. No answer coming, another letter was sent. Then came a reply referring the enquirers to the Admiralty. To the Admiralty the Federation addressed itself, receiving a prompt reply to the effect that the newspaper report was a very fair account of what had taken place.

This week comes another budget of correspondence, this time between the Federation and Lord Knollys, private secretary to His Majesty, Edward VII. The Federation desired to know about the truth of a report published in the Midland Tribune to the effect "that His Majesty the King, attended mass at Marienbad, on a Sunday, and was present through the service with his suite." It was further asked whether it was true "that on that occasion the King was seen bowing profoundly at the Elevation of the Sacred Host and that in the same evening His Majesty attended Benediction and Vespers." No answer from Lord Knollys. Another letter was sent. To this Lord Knollys replied that he usually disregarded false reports in the press concerning the King, but that he could privately assure the enquirers that "the report to which you allude is a pure invention." But the Federation did not want a private assurance, and wrote asking permission to publish the denial. This Lord Knollys granted, saying: "I ought to have added in my former communication that the King attended his own church on the afternoon of the day in question."

What a complicated world we live in and what a variety of details have to be looked after by a variety of persons in order to keep things running aright.

A MAN riding in a street car in San Francisco the other day was not given a transfer by the conductor when he paid his fare and asked for one. When the conductor passed through the car again the passenger told him he wanted a transfer, and if he did not get one would know the reason why. All over the world, wherever there are street cars, conductors giving and passengers getting transfers, these little tiffs occur. In this case angry words followed, and suddenly the conductor struck the passenger in the face. Others interfered, there was disorder, somebody—for all around the world there is always one fool in every car-load of people—pulled the trolley off the wire, leaving the car in darkness. At this juncture the conductor pulled a revolver and began firing into the crowd of passengers, who, trying to escape at the front door, were met by bullets from the motorman. In a panic



### ON THE PROSPERITY ROUTE

MAN AT THE BRAKE—"We don't ever like to slow down after a good run—but once we get over this 'sore spot' watch us travel. We've got the goods aboard and they're looking for us at the other end."

an onrush of hard times—should there be anything of the kind—than Canada. We have a capital to draw upon that no other nation possesses, in our combined resources of virgin lands, forests, and mines. If times grow dull in other countries it will but increase the rush of settlers to our western plains, there to produce with ease and profit the world's necessity, food, be times what they may.

Of the Canadian banks there is criticism, but the present is scarcely the time to indulge in it, and the newspapers of the country should feel a sense of responsibility, knowing that a few ill-considered words may produce disquiet and set tongues wagging to a tune that will not be hushed. It is not necessary for this country to nurse doubts of herself, and nothing worse could possibly happen this fall than for a reaction of pessimism to follow upon the high hopes and the all-round expansion of the past few years. If every man who has a talent begins hiding it in the ground instead of letting it play its rightful part in the scheme of things, the effect will be undesirable. The remark is frequently made that our banks have too much of their own way in Canada, but at the present time the security of the country is found in the solidity of our banks and in their ability to give the country quickly the medicine its condition and the sudden change in the weather called for. Our system, whatever its defects, has the merit that our physicians of finance can prescribe as rapidly as they can diagnose, and can vaccinate in good time against an epidemic that threatens to spread from New York. The banks are standing up against a considerable impact just now, and seem to be doing it well. If the banks have their responsibility the

ties. When we contrast the prompt action taken against freak practitioners with the slow and nearly always ineffectual measures (if any) taken against duly qualified medical men when they are exposed in criminal acts, the wonder arises as to how people are expected to retain their respect for justice. Too many liberties are taken with right and wrong. The average of education is increasing—people read, think, talk. They should be given something else to think and talk about than the modern discovery that Justice is stone blind in her right eye.

NEWSPAPERS in Western Canada are hot-foot after Mr. R. W. Ellis who, in an article in the University Magazine, pronounces against the Hudson's Bay Railway. The map of the western hemisphere is a sufficient answer to Mr. Ellis if the western newspapers can clear up one point of doubt. On this point of doubt little has been said as yet, but it is bound to crowd into the front place presently.

If the proposed line to Hudson's Bay had been in operation this year, would navigation from Fort Churchill to Liverpool have been open by the time the wheat was ready for shipment? Could this year's wheat have gone out this year by this route? If so, all right, in spite of all kinds of expert calculations that can be put on paper. If not, the line would prove a grief and a vexation.

ALL over Canada the newspapers are telling with surprise of the wave of Prohibition now spreading over many of the Southern States—they tell of it with surprise because the traditional idea is that the Southerner is the



windows were smashed and men and women pitched themselves out of these openings to escape being shot. The passenger whose growl about his transfer was the original cause of the "unpleasantness," got a bullet through one hand; one man was so badly shot up that he died in a few minutes, five other men and one woman received wounds more or less serious. In the fracas one passenger disarmed another who had whipped out a revolver and proposed to contribute to the gun-play. The car-men are in jail charged with murder, but as endless appeals are possible in the criminal courts of California, it is improbable that these armed madmen will suffer any further punishment than a couple of years of law-suiting and the imprisonment incident thereto.

What can be the future of a country where such things are possible and where such things go so nearly unpunished that no lunatic is deterred from producing his gun when any man offers him offence? In this case the car-men were strike-breakers, they were looking for trouble, and seemed glad to find it. What a picture this scene gives of a people devoted to liberty and the pursuit of happiness—men in uniform pumping bullets in at either end of a crowded street car while men, women and children smash windows and tumble out headlong to save their lives!

It is a fact worth noting that almost all of the articles on Canada now being penned for the British press by the journalists from the mother country who visited the Dominion during the past summer are tinged with some sort of partisanship; the political creed of each writer's paper is plainly apparent in almost every one of these articles. This of course is quite natural. But as an impression is abroad that the British press is rather above the Canadian and Yankee newspaper habit of coloring news as well as views with political beliefs and prejudices, it is worth while to remind the Canadian reader that such is hardly the case. When he reads extracts from articles in British papers giving visiting journalists' impressions of Canada, and when he is surprised to find members of the same party of tourists differing widely about our progress and our prospects, he will do well to remember that politics has a great deal to do with journalism in England—more, indeed, than it has here. The political organ in Canada tries to knock its opinions into its readers with a club. Its methods are obvious. Those of the English political paper are more subtle, but they are just as industriously employed.

Mr. Harold Begbie, in the course of one of his idyllic articles on Canada, recently said that "if we cut the painter from the Old Country to-morrow it would not interrupt a single cricket match in England or cool a single bowl of porridge on the western slopes of our Scottish Highlands." This appeared in the London Daily Chronicle. It would never appear in the London Daily Mail, for example. On the contrary, in The Mail we find Mr. H. Hamilton Fyfe saying: "Here is the finger pointing to a real federation of British interests all over the world, an Empire of Free States, a bond of nations speaking the same language, owning the same ideals, proud of the same flag. Suppose that pointing finger be disregarded, what will it mean to Canada? Canada will become a great sister-Republic to the United States. And what will it mean to Great Britain? It will sink her to the position of a third rate power, something between Switzerland and Belgium. With the Japanese flag flying over Australasia, South Africa under German dominion, and India once more a seething cauldron of racial hate, Britain, a small manufacturing country, deprived of her foreign markets, will eke out a precarious livelihood by exhibiting to tourists the monuments of her past greatness. Her population must, of course, dwindle. Her cotton industry is probably the only one which could hold its own. Back to the land would then become a harsh necessity. While the factories fell to pieces from decay, the workmen who once made them hum with activity would be extracting a bare pittance from the soil. To Canada the British connection may mean nothing within twenty years. To Britain the Canadian connection is a matter of vital concern. Upon Canada's feeling twenty years hence depends the future of the British Empire. Upon Britain's action in the meantime depends what that feeling shall be."

The Canadian reader, puzzling over such widely divergent expressions of opinion in the English press, will do well to remember that both are rather extravagant, both tinged with the partisanship which infects Imperial issues in England. Somewhere between the two lies the truth as to the great issues of Canada's future and the Empire's future.

SIR VINCENT CAILLARD, of old London, president of the Trust and Loan Company of Canada, has just returned to England after a first visit to Canada. Asked by a reporter to give his impressions, as a world-travelled man, of Montreal, the commercial capital of the Dominion, he spoke very highly of that city's present and prospective progress. "But have you no fault to find with Montreal?" queried the reporter. "Well," replied Sir Vincent, "I did not go there to find fault, and I have not returned to England to be a critic, but I think it is quite certain that as Montrealers themselves more fully realize their present status and future greatness, they will pay a little more attention to their streets and the general appearance of their city. I cannot honestly say that the streets are well kept. Indeed, to tell you the truth, some of them reminded me more than anything else of the streets of Constantinople. Need I say more? I am a London County Councillor, you know, and these things interest me. I suppose the truth of the matter is that the people of Montreal are for the most part so busy with their schemes of expansion and bounding progress that they have as yet had little leisure to put the finishing touches upon their city which its natural beauty and national status would seem to demand."

JAMES K. HAZELTON, of San Anita, Texas, fell from his hayloft a few days ago, remained unconscious for two hours, and when he woke up remembered that he had left a wife and four children behind him near Montreal, twenty-two years ago. By wire it was learned that his wife is alive. The fall, it is said, restored his memory. It is evident that the fall gave a jolt either to his brain or his conscience.

M. R. WALTER W. BERRY, of Melbourne, Australia, is at present visiting in Canada, and SATURDAY NIGHT was indebted to him for the copy of Australian Punch from which was reproduced the picture in a recent issue showing the viaduct as they have it in Melbourne.

MONTREAL is to have a new one cent morning daily to be called The World. It is announced that it will support the Liberal party and be in control of Mr. P. M. Feeney.

### Thanksgiving

HOW oft, O Lord, do we forget to pay  
Our tithes of thanks to Thee at morn and eve;  
How oft the thankful word unsaid we leave  
Before Life's laden table, day by day!  
Thy golden gifts we grasp, but go our way—  
So used are we Thy bounty to receive.  
But now, for our ungratefulness we grieve,  
And grace for the whole year are fain to say.

We thank Thee, Lord, for Thy great Fatherhood,  
That doth with our child-waywardness forbear,  
In token of Thy love's infinity.  
We thank Thee for the Past, with all its good,  
And for the Present, anchored in Thy care,  
And for the Future, Thine alone canst see.

OWEN E. MCGILLICUDDY.

Calgary, Alta.

### Columbia Britannica Dicit.

VOICE comes over the mountains,  
It thrills through the length of the plain,  
It reaches the far river fountains,  
It rings to Atlantic's main:  
"Ho, ye that are all my brothers!  
Know I am of your blood,  
Scorn ye the wants of others,  
But mine is your own hearts' flood.  
List then to the tale of my sorrow,  
G've heed to my dire distress,  
Look forth on my fate's to-morrow  
Sobberly while I confess.

"My land is a temple of glory,  
Great mountains its colonnades;  
They shame all the wonders of story,  
And O, the deep cool of their glades!  
My rivers gleam ever in song-gold,  
They carol the anthem of free,  
As they rush from their mountainous stronghold,  
Or glide on in peace to the sea.  
Far floats out the odor of roses,  
It burdens the breath of the wave  
Wafted onward as evening closes,  
With lotus-charm all things to lave.

"The mother of oceans' placid wash,  
Makes music my coast along,  
And glints in the gold of Apollo's flash,  
As she revels my islands among.  
Could the spirit of man be stunted here,  
Or a bound be set to his soul?  
Like the blue of my skies to his outlook clear,  
I stand as his longing's goal.  
I have dreamed of a race of godlike men  
To dwell in this garden of gods,  
Not the squalid hordes that breed in the fen,  
Nor your hut-hived earthen clods.

"Old hatreds and lusts would trammel no more,  
But in spite of all combines of ill,  
The children of Adam, as never before,  
Might grow strong and wise in the face of my hills.  
The blood of the Saxon, the Celt and the Gaul  
Would pour in pure tides untamed as of old,  
The voice of my people a world's trumpet-call.  
A message of hope through her darkest night rolled,  
But see on my portal from out the East far  
There gathers the portent of ill days to be;  
Hear the wings of the Harpies my feast come to mar,  
'Tis the hiss of the locust swarm borne from the sea.

"The hordes of Atilla have cut their tent-ropes,  
They rush as of old from the far Asian fen;  
Shall Columbia yield them the dream of her hopes,  
Or keep this fair land but for Aryan men?  
O, brothers! awake to the sense of my need,  
Give ear to the voice that rings from my soul;  
The love of a people shall be your help's need,  
And you'll still keep us British as on the years roll."

X. X.

Ottawa, Oct. 29.

### Stories of the Bishop of London.

TORONTO, OCT. 2.

Editor SATURDAY NIGHT: The visit of the Bishop of London has given our papers the chance of digging up a lot of old stories and fastening them on him. In your issue of October 26 I read an old story formerly connected with Bishop Brooks (and possibly with many others) of the way in which to be perfectly truthful and yet kind, in expressing your opinion of a baby. In The Globe of same date, Bishop Ingram is credited with being the centre of a story which I am sure is as old as he is. I suppose we will have a series of "chestnuts?" No doubt the fact that an English bishop of the last century was the very essence of dignity, etc., is responsible for the fact that so many humorous stories are always credited to them. The contrast between the dignity of the office and the humor of the story makes it more interesting.

Yours,

F. G. PLUMMER.

DANIEL LYONS, aged 46, who died last week in Pennsylvania, was found to have had a brain that weighed only twenty-four ounces. A professor of surgery who was present said he believed this to be the smallest brain he had heard of in a male adult. The case of the French statesman, Gambetta, whose brain weighed but twenty-five ounces, was the nearest approach he could cite.

"YOUR attitude on the Asiatic question is the right one," writes a valued reader of SATURDAY NIGHT in Vancouver. "I have written to several of my friends in the East to read your front page remarks on this question, as they show the best grasp of the situation as it actually exists, that I have seen."

TRANSATLANTIC passengers from Euston, sailing by the record-breaking Lusitania, reached New York in six days, one hour, and forty-five minutes. The Canadian Gazette, an advocate of the All-Red route, points out that had the Lusitania been a Canadian ship the trip from Euston to Halifax could have been made in four days, six hours, and thirty minutes.

ALFRED BALDWIN, the chairman of the Great Western Railway, in England, who has been brought into prominence by the strikes there, was the brother-in-law of Burne-Jones, the painter, and is also the brother-in-law of Sir Edward Poynter, P.R.A., and uncle of Rudyard Kipling.

### The Cracking of Old Paintings.

NEARLY all very old paintings are badly cracked—a misfortune due to the circumstance that dampness and cold cause the canvas to shrink and the paint to expand, the result being that the paint layer breaks up, a multitude of cracks seaming it in all directions. On the other hand, the gradual darkening which mars old paintings, eventually turning many of them almost black, is attributable to chemical causes. Works of art on canvas are produced with the aid of oils and varnishes, which, in the course of time, turn brown, covering the picture with a more or less opaque layer, beneath which the original colors are veiled. It is a phenomenon of oxidation, which may be prevented by sealing the painting between two sheets of glass cemented together around the edges.

The darkening of the famous picture of The last Judgment, by Michael Angelo, in the Sistine Chapel of the Vatican, says The Post of Philadelphia, is due to an entirely different and rather curious external cause—namely, the incense arising from the altar which formerly stood before the fresco. But there are other causes of blackening which have to do with injudicious mixtures of pigments—as, for instance, where a color with a lead base is combined with another color containing sulphur, such as cadmium yellow or vermilion. Ultimately, through decomposition, the lead in such a case turns to the form of a black sulphide. Thus through lack of thoughtfulness modern painters (far less careful than the old masters) may be said to destroy their own productions in the making of them. For example, Ingres—who, though a great admirer of Raphael, failed to imitate his technique—has left behind him only one picture that can last for any length of time. His Triomphe de Cherubini, in the Louvre, which is dated 1842, is in a lamentable condition.

So far as the mischief of cracking is concerned, it is a fact worth noting that when the layer of paint is thin it maintains a certain elasticity, accommodating itself to the shrinkage and expansion of the canvas with variations in temperature and humidity. When thick, however, it cannot do this, and consequently breaks. It is noticed that all the old paintings which have come down to us without cracking were made very thin—a statement that applies to works of Raphael and his pupils, and to those of Van Dyck and Rubens. The Sistine Madonna, at Dresden, which bears the date 1515, shows no cracks whatever.

Dr. Eugene Lemaire, the French Academician (to whom the writer is indebted for his material), says that darkened paintings may commonly be restored in a measure to their original hues by careful treatment with peroxide of hydrogen. When it is a question of cracks, however, scarcely anything can be done in the way of cure. As a means of prevention, it would be very desirable, he thinks, if artists would paint their pictures upon some substance less subject than canvas to changes—hard wood, or, best of all, sheet metal.

### The Diabolo Craze.

CANADIANS are just beginning to realize the meaning of the diabolo craze in England. This fashionable game consists of lancing a well-balanced reel or spool high into the air and catching it on a string attached to two sticks. The English comic papers are full of cartoons on the subject. Punch represents merchants neglecting their business for it, men practising the game even in their bath-tubs, and burglars forgetting their spoils to indulge in the ruling passion. It is said to be a favorite occupation of motorists—when a car breaks down the ladies of a party go out on the road and play at diabolo while the men make the repairs. In short it is a craze enjoying a wider vogue than ping-pong did in its day. The game held its sway in Paris for the past eighteen months, has lately invaded England and is now on its way back, via the Pacific, to its originators, the Chinese. The amusement of whirling a bobbin on a cord attached to two sticks is by no means new, but that fact has not prevented the French maker who re-introduced the toy, appropriately called the "Diabolo," from making a pile of money by distorting the original name, which he registered, and thereby passing as the patentee. Many imitators have cropped up, and already the exports of this article have reached many thousands of dollars.

As far back as 1776 the Jesuit father Amiot, a famous sinologue who wrote the life of Confucius, gave a description of the "Chinese Devil," enclosing a specimen for Minister Bertin. From 1812 to 1818 the game became a perfect craze, and what the Palais Royal then presented can be easily imagined by a stroll to-day in the Tuileries or the Bois de Boulogne, where the flying reels make it unsafe for a passive promenade to venture. Indeed, it has become such a menace to society that the authorities have finally designated spaces where the juvenile sportsmen may give vent to their passion. The curious name of this toy is to be traced to the fact that during the Restoration the game was played with a double-pronged head to one of the sticks, which conveyed a vague idea of the instrument of torture that legends attribute to Satan and all monsters of the Apocalypse, so that it was designated the *jeu du diable*.

FOREIGN scientific journals are still busily engaged in discussing the collapse of the most ambitious engineering project of modern times, the bridge over the St. Lawrence below Quebec. "A riddle of the sphinx" it is called by the Paris Cosmos, while the Berlin Physikalische Zeitschrift deems it "the profoundest humiliation ever sustained by an exact science."

WITH some men drinking is more a habit of the feet than anything else. They walk to places where drinking is the natural thing to do.



COFFEE PERCOLATORS in Brass, Nickel and Copper.

CHAFING DISHES in Nickel and Copper.

Coffee made by

"THE METEOR"

is always clean, fragrant and delicious. The bitter taste is entirely eliminated by filtration. No better means can be employed for preparing a hasty meal or dainty dish than by the use of one of these handsome Chafing dishes fitted with the patented Seamless, Ivory Enamelled Food Pan.



RICE LEWIS & SON LIMITED

Wm Stitt & Co.

11 and 13 King Street East

AUTUMN AND WINTER SEASON

Opening of Paris Millinery on September the Ninth

Only the latest novelties in Dress Materials for Afternoon, Dinner and Evening Gowns. Our Ladies' Tailoring Department is in charge of an experienced Tailor.

Trousseaux, Morning Orders, Gloves, Corsets.

## Persian Carpets

We have just received a direct consignment of the above carpets. They are specially colored for present decorative effects and come in sizes to fit modern rooms. By importing direct we are able to make the prices moderate.

ELLIOTT & SON, Limited

79 King Street West, Toronto

## New in Music at McConkey's

You should hear the New York Trio in Vocal and Instrumental Music every evening 6 to 8 and 10 to 12.

THE RESTAURANT

## TOILET WARE



Some of the best designs from

WEDGWOOD

CAULDON

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WILLIAM JUNOR

88 West King Street - - Toronto



A Place You May be Proud of

to take a friend for supper. You will find the service excellent.

After the theatre you will find the ST. CHARLES the popular retreat for dinner.

Table d'Hôte daily, from 6 p.m. to 8.30 p.m. (Sunday included)

## THE AUTUMN BRIDE AND THE DEBUTANTE

You no doubt are seriously planning the many arrangements for that important event—the Wedding. Let us help you in one of the most important features, viz., the Floral Decorations. Our suggestions and estimates cost you nothing. The work, if we do it, will be up-to-date and best that material and artists can produce and the cost most reasonable, consistent with the services we render you. Telephone for our representative.

Dunlop's

96 YONGE ST., TORONTO

Night and Sunday Phone Park 792



## INVESTMENTS.

Reports on Securities  
furnished on application.  
Bonds and Stock bought  
and sold on Commission.

**A. E. Ames & Co.**  
LIMITED  
7-9 King St. E. TORONTO

ASSETS  
\$1,224,011

CAPITAL (INCORPORATED) \$2,500,000  
CAPITAL (PAID-UP) \$1,000,000  
RESERVE FUND \$1,000,000

**CENTRAL CANADA**  
LOAN & SAVINGS  
COMPANY  
TORONTO

DEPOSITS RECEIVED  
AND DEBITURES  
ISSUED

## The Sovereign Bank of Canada

Notice is hereby given that a dividend at the rate of six per cent. (6%) per annum on the capital stock of this Bank has been declared for the period of four (4) months ending November 30th, 1907, and that the same will be payable at the Head Office and at the Branches on and after Monday, the 16th day of December next.

The transfer books will be closed from the 1st to the 14th day of December, both days inclusive.

BY ORDER OF THE BOARD,  
F. G. JEMMETT,  
General Manager.

Montreal, October 22nd, 1907.

**Royal Insurance Company**  
(LIMITED)  
(OF LIVERPOOL, ENGLAND)

**LIFE DEPARTMENT**  
CANADIAN POLICYHOLDERS  
share in the  
PROFITS OF THE COMPANY'S  
ENTIRE LIFE BUSINESS.

Toronto Office, 27-29 Wellington St. East.  
Phone Main 6000.

### WE OFFER

Bonds of a large transcontinental railroad with a bonus of preferred and common stock.

**WARDEN & FRANCIS**  
Confederation Life Building,  
TORONTO  
Telephone Main 4503

**LONDON & LANCASHIRE**  
**FIRE**  
INSURANCE COMPANY

8 Richmond St., E., Toronto  
ALFRED WRIGHT, Manager

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for alterations and additions to Post Office Building, Toronto, Ont.," will be received at this office until Tuesday, November 5, 1907, inclusively, for alterations and additions to the P. O. Building, Toronto, Ont.

Plans and specifications can be seen and forms of tender obtained at this Department and at the office of Mr. Thos. A. Hastings, Clerk of Works, P. W. D., Custom House, Toronto, Ont.

Persons tendering are notified that tenders will not be considered unless made on the printed form supplied and signed with their actual signatures.

Each tender must be accompanied by an accepted cheque on a chartered bank, made payable to the order of the Honourable the Minister of Public Works, equal to ten per cent. (10 p.c.) of the amount of the tender, which will be forfeited if the person tendering declines to enter into a contract when called upon to do so, or if he fails to complete the work contracted for. If the tender is not accepted the cheque will be returned.

The Department does not bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

By Order,  
FRED. GELINAS,  
Secretary,  
Department of Public Works,  
Ottawa, October 18, 1907.

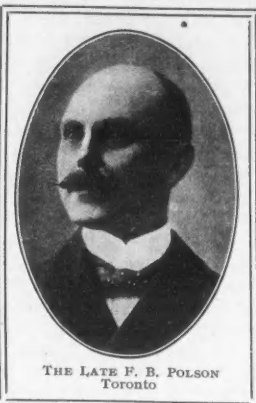
Newspapers will not be paid for this advertisement if they insert it without authority from the Department.

**50 VISITING CARDS 250**  
**LADIES' OR GENTLEMEN'S**  
printed with any name and address—from now until Christmas. Send at once for samples.  
When the Printer, - Chatham, Ont.

# THE INVESTOR

TORONTO

MONTREAL



THE LATE F. B. POLSON  
Toronto

UNLESS the country is on the down track, which no one believes, save the stock market pessimists; these are bargain days for those fortunate enough to have bank balances. Never in the history of the country, at least so far as the present generation can recollect, have Canadian securities sold so low. That matters were panicky at the end of last week on the Montreal Stock Exchange is putting it mildly. Good securities, standard dividend payers, representing the best that the country contains, were ruthlessly slaughtered. Stocks which in ordinary times would be considered cheap at \$100 per share went begging at \$45 and \$50. It was a case of many sellers and few buyers. Men hung on when they could and let go when they had to. Margins which in ordinary times would have been looked upon as perfectly safe, were wiped out before the clients could reach their brokers' offices. This was the opportunity for investors and they took advantage of it. The stocks went out of the margin men's hands to be divided again into smaller lots and resold to people who had the cash. One broker informed me that on Saturday last he sold no less than two thousand shares of stock to Ontario clients, every share of which was for investment. This meant that people with small cash balances in the savings banks were coming forward and buying what the stock gambler had let go. It was a repetition of the old, old story—everything in the world of business gets down to a cash basis sooner or later.

The present state of the money market has brought forward many peculiar conditions. Chatting with one of Montreal's rich men the other day he said: "I never felt so poor in my life. I'm richer now than I was last year, and richer last year than I was the year before; but at the same time I am actually cramped for ready money. Securities galore, but no cash. For the first time since a youth I find myself unable to buy and pay for anything that I should happen to desire. This is certainly a rich man's panic," concluded the millionaire as he moved on toward the stock ticker.

One would have to go back to the years 1893-94 to find a comparison with the present peculiar circumstances. I recollect at that time men with big checks in their pockets going around New York City looking for the cash. One instance was the check of a Southern railway to a contractor, who in turn wished the money in order to pay his men. The sum was a little upward of \$10,000; and actually there was not a bank in the city of New York that would give the man the cash, though the check, drawn on a Southern bank, was perfectly good. Another peculiar feature at that time was the lack of small bills. The unfortunate possessor of anything like a hundred dollar bill was put to all sorts of inconvenience. When presented at a bank the paying teller shied, stating that they were short of small bills and could not change it; and finally the man in despair took it back to his hotel and insisted upon paying his board in advance in order that he might have the difference in small bills.

TORONTO, OCT. 31.

IT is doubtful if events such as recently have occurred on Wall Street could have happened in any other large financial centre. There was an utter lack of confidence, and demoralization prevailed. Supposed money men lost their heads, and the rate of interest, on which stocks were the collateral, went up to 130 per cent. People withdrew their savings from the banks and trust companies, and it is said that fully \$40,000,000 have been hoarded and hid. However, a new record was made, and no doubt this is a satisfaction to Yankee minds. It was the greatest run of depositors ever known. No currency could be obtained for the prosecution of operations in grain, and such important exchanges as Duluth and Minneapolis were closed up.

Extreme measures had to be resorted to to stave off destruction. The Government stepped in and deposited \$25,000,000 of the nation's money in the National Banks of New York. The most resourceful citizen, as well as the most prominent one in banking circles, J. P. Morgan, gathered about him a few friends of ability and means, and by their persistent efforts saved the situation in a way. They have received a large amount of praise for the excellent work they did, and rightly so, but it is not doubted that in saving others they saved themselves. Mr. Morgan and friends did not hide their heads as large numbers did, but came out boldly and demanded the financial aid of others. It was a matter of the greatest moment to all, and \$25,000,000 was subscribed to lend to brokers. The stipulation made with the loans was that no aid would be given except to bona fide purchasers of stock. Then it was that trading got down to a legitimate basis, which may appear rather strange to say of Wall Street dealings. Nevertheless, it was true, but as it so rarely happens it is worth recording. Brokers and their outside representatives had to furnish the cash in full for purchases made for the long account, while no orders for short account were taken. Of course, the buying orders to cover previous sales were accepted. The scarcity of money was accelerated by the distrust and hoarding of funds.

When things were at their worst Great Britain stepped in and contracted for large quantities of American stocks, of copper, metal, grain and cotton, sending in lieu thereof nearly twenty millions of gold. This, with the aid of the Government remedies and the action of the leading American capitalists, together with the large liquidation of the pools and others in stocks, must be a great relief to the finances. On all previous occasions of the sort such drawing on Europe's capital and gold has ended panic. It is only reasonable to believe, therefore, that a turn for the better in the situation is about due. Aside from the general scarcity of capital in the leading financial centres of the world, one of the chief reasons for the panicky conditions on Wall Street was the waste of credit in the past

few years. The infatuated financiers became indebted to Europe by hundreds of millions of dollars for the purpose chiefly of putting up the prices of stocks, and a large part of the community lived on borrowed money. Inadequate state laws for restriction of trust company investments, and the folly with which the presidents of these institutions have resorted to propositions of reform are also accountable for the trouble. The funds of trust companies were largely used by their promoters in speculation, and men gradually become suspicious of one another.

New York, the world's financial centre! Bah! What a dismal failure it has been. These periodical panics in money, when rates soar up to 130 and over every few years! Compare these with London, where loans occasionally reach 7 or 8 per cent., and where a discount rate of 6 per cent. causes apprehension. It was said to be a good thing a year ago, when some concerns were borrowing money in London and Paris. What do they think of it now? The aid extended to the United States in this instance would have been far greater had America not owed large sums abroad. But it is the crops of America that will practically save the country in this instance, as well as on former occasions. Americans had better stick to the growing of cotton and grain, leaving the shrewd business people of London, Paris and Amsterdam to attend to the game of finance.

Naturally, the money and stock markets in Canada were affected by the troubles of Wall Street. Canadian Pacific made a new low record for the year. The advance of 1 per cent. in the discount rate of the Imperial Bank of Germany on Tuesday caused some liquidation in C.P.R. shares, and the selling was further aggravated by the bad statement of the company for September. The operating expenses, which are at an increased cost, more than offset the increased business of the company for the month named. The gross earnings for September showed an increase of over a quarter of a million dollars as compared with the same month of 1906, but net earnings were \$286,578 less than for September of last year. The expenses showed an increase of over half a million, or almost double the increase in gross earnings. This is partly accounted for by the lateness of the western wheat movement and the smaller harvest. Besides, wages have in many directions been increased, and other expenses have grown. Twin City has been active and lower, and Soo Common has declined to a new low point. General Electric has been steady. On Monday, at a special meeting of shareholders, a resolution was passed authorizing the issue of \$2,000,000 of preferred stock, and conferring upon the shares first right upon the assets of the company. Eighty per cent. of the shares were represented by holders at the meeting or by proxy. The new issue now carries a preferred dividend of 7 per cent., and a preference on the assets. The Mackays gave a better account of themselves this week.

The domestic money markets were firm during the week. Funds did not offer through banks, but it is said some private capital was obtained to carry stocks. The nominal rate is 7 per cent. Banks continue to increase their liquid assets, and although the net liability of our banks is greater than a year ago, the percentage of available reserves to liability is about the same as it was twelve months ago.

In a circular issued on Saturday Mr. Henry Clews, of New York, gives the following good advice: "Absolute elimination of speculators from the directorates of banks and trust companies is a prime essential to the restoration of confidence, and fortunately this fact seems to be recognized by both the Clearing House Committee and the great bankers upon whom control of the situation has fallen. Banking reform, however, should not rest here. Our banks should restrict their operations more strictly to the legitimate functions of banking. They should be free of all suspicious alliances; corporate influences should be closely guarded against; sound principles should be faithfully adhered to, and higher standards of integrity in management should be insisted upon by a plainly expressed public opinion. Depositors have it in their power to stimulate reform by showing their preference for institutions controlled by men of unquestionable ability and integrity; placing their funds only where sound banking and high standards of conduct are the first considerations."

Apologies of the recent opening of the new power plant of the Amherst Railway and Power Company, at the Chignecto coal mines in Nova Scotia, it is pointed out, says The Western Electrician, that the new system carries out a suggestion made by Thomas A. Edison. This was that, instead of building a power plant where the power was required, and carrying coal there by railway, it would be more sensible to build the plant at the mouth of the mines and transmit the power by wire. The maritime company is said to be the first to carry out this idea on this continent. Mr. Edison sent the Board of Trade at Amherst the following message: "Permit me to congratulate your Board and Senator Mitchell on the inauguration of the first plant on the American continent for the generation of electricity at the mouth of a coal mine, and the distribution of the same to distant commercial centers. It is a bold attempt, and I never thought it would be first accomplished in Nova Scotia, where my father was born over one hundred years ago."

Albert Kirby Fairfax, Lord Fairfax of Cameron, the only British peer who is a citizen of the United States, and whose family have lived for four generations in Virginia, where Lord Fairfax owns a large estate, has made application to the Home Office for naturalization as a British subject, and the final certificate has been sent to him for signature. When the certificate is signed Lord Fairfax will be entitled to sit in the House of Lords, should his fellow Scottish peers elect him.

## BANK OF HAMILTON

### Dividend Notice

Notice is hereby given that a dividend of 2½ per cent. (being at the rate of ten per cent. per annum) upon the paid-up capital stock for the quarter ending 30th November next, has been declared, and that the same will be payable at the bank and its branches on and after 2nd December next.

The Transfer Books will be closed from 23rd to 30th November, both inclusive.

By order of the Board  
J. TURNBULL, Gen. Manager  
Hamilton, 21st October, 1907

## THE BANK OF OTTAWA

credits interest on Savings Accounts

QUARTERLY.

OFFICES IN TORONTO:

37 King St. East and corner of Broadview and Gerrard

## The Crown Bank of Canada

DIVIDEND NO. 7

NOTICE is hereby given that a quarterly dividend of one per cent. has been declared upon the paid-up capital stock of this bank, and that the same will be payable at the head office and branches on and after Tuesday, the 1st of October, 1907.

The transfer books will be closed from the 16th to the 30th September, both days inclusive. By order of the board.

G. DE C. O'GRADY,  
General Manager.

Toronto, 27th August, 1907.

DOMINION  
EXPRESS  
CO.



Packages Forwarded to all  
parts of the World

**MONEY ORDERS**

**FOREIGN**

**DRAFTS**

AND

**TRAVELLERS' CHEQUES**

ISSUED

Cheapest, Safest and Most Economical; Numerous Branch Agencies in Drug Stores, etc., in Business and Residential Districts. Open early and late.

Toronto Main Office, 48 Yonge Street

## The Metropolitan Bank

Capital Paid Up, \$1,000,000.00. Reserve Fund and Undivided Profits \$1,183,713.23.

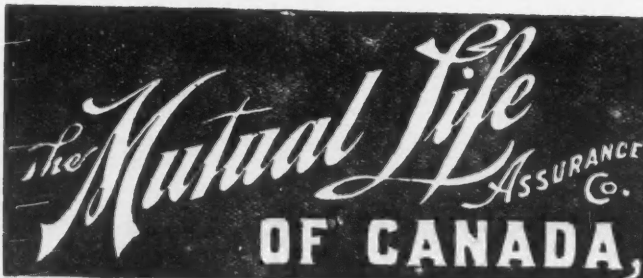
Offers to individuals, firms and corporations thoroughly modern and efficient service in handling banking accounts. Correspondents in the United States and Europe.

SAVINGS DEPARTMENT

Deposits of \$1.00 and upwards received. Interest allowed from date of deposit and compounded four times a year.

## A Few of The Many

valuable features, from an insurance point of view, for which



is noted, are:—

I.—ATTRACTIVE POLICIES—

Reasonable premiums.  
Liberal conditions.  
Generous cash and paid-up values.

II.—PROGRESSIVE AND EFFICIENT MANAGEMENT—

Low expenses.  
Well and profitably invested funds.  
Expanding dividends to policyholders.  
Favorable mortality experience.

III.—HIGHEST SECURITY—

Ample assets and reserves.  
Prompt settlement of claims, and  
Fair and just dealings in all things.

HEAD OFFICE: WATERLOO, ONT.

## METROPOLITAN ASSEMBLY ROOMS

245-249 COLLEGE STREET

For Balls, At Homes, Receptions, Etc.

M. J. SAGE, Manager.

Illustrated Booklet, with Plan of Rooms, mailed on request.



## Imperial Bank of Canada

Capital Authorized ..... \$10,000,000.00  
 Capital paid up ..... 4,800,000.00  
 Rest ..... 4,800,000.00

## Dividend No. 69

NOTICE is hereby given that a Dividend at the rate of **eleven per cent.** (11 per cent.) per annum upon the Paid-up Capital Stock of this institution has been declared for the quarter ending 31st October, 1907, and that the same will be payable at the Head Office and Branches on and after

FRIDAY, THE 1ST OF NOVEMBER NEXT

The Transfer Books will be closed from the 19th to the 31st of October, both days inclusive.

By order of the Board.

**D. R. WILKIE, General Manager**  
 Toronto, Ont., 18th September, 1907.

### AGENTS WANTED

### Guardian Assurance Co.

LIMITED  
 Funds: Thirty Million Dollars  
 Apply Manager, Montreal



### EMPIRE PUFFS

### CORONET BRAIDS

at the "MAISON"  
**JULES & CHARLES**

Sole makers of  
**Parisian Hair Goods**  
 Professors JULES & CHARLES,  
 Toronto's Most Reliable

**Hair and Scalp Specialists**  
 15 bright, comfortable and private  
 parlors for

**Electro Scalp Treatments**  
 Shampooing, Marcel Wave  
 Manicuring, Face Massage

The "MAISON"  
**JULES & CHARLES**  
 Phone M. 2498 431 YONGE ST.

THE NAME

## COSGRAVE

SIGNIFIES  
 SUPERB ALE  
 INVIGORATING PORTER  
 DELICIOUS  
 HALF-AND-HALF

**Cosgrave Brewery Co.**  
 NIAGARA ST. TORONTO  
 And of all License Holders.  
 Telephone—Park 140.

### Culverhouse Optical Co., Ltd.

WE SUPPLY THE  
 DEEP GROVED LENSES

The advantages of this form of lens are innumerable. Larger field of vision, clearance from eyelashes, better and clearer vision and a general comfort to the wearer.

**CULVERHOUSE OPTICAL CO.**  
 M. 4556 6 Richmond St. East

**Sunnyside Parlors**, open all Winter, is the place for Balls, Banquets, Euchre Parties, etc. Dainty lunches served. Phone Park 905.

**Humber Beach Hotel**, where substantial meals are served at short notice, and where domestic and foreign Ales, Wines and Liquors are kept. Phone Park 324.  
**P. V. MYER, - Proprietress**



## Wedding Cakes

from Webb's are unequalled for fine quality and artistic decoration.

They are shipped by express to all parts of Canada, safe arrival guaranteed.

Illustrated Catalogue Free

**The Harry Webb Co.**  
 Limited  
 447 Yonge St., Toronto

## Social and Personal

**MISS FRANCES MORRIS**, assisted by her pupil, Miss Mary Gzowski of Clovelly, will give a piano recital next Thursday evening, November 7, in Conservatory Music Hall. Mr. Lissant Beardmore will sing, and a long and influential list of patronesses are taking an interest in the event. Lady Clark, Lady Edgar, Mrs. Denison of Heydon Villa, Mrs. Ramsay Wright, Mrs. Gzowski, Mrs. Spragge, are of the number. The recital begins at 8.15 p.m.

Margaret Huston's recital will take place on November 6 in Conservatory Music Hall. Miss Huston leaves for London shortly after. She is looking extremely well, and those who have heard her sing are enchanted with her artistry and voice.

Colonel and Mrs. Davidson are entertaining at dinner on Monday evening.

Society turned out in force to Mr. Lissant Beardmore's debut concert on Saturday night, and Conservatory Hall was filled with the smartest of audiences. The singer received gales of applause, and sang a varied programme of English, German and French songs, being perfectly at home in each language, both as a singer and conversationalist. I do not remember ever having seen a more personable young man on the concert platform, and Mr. Beardmore's manner and expression were absolutely without restraint or affectation. Herr Lautz's accompaniments were delightful. Mr. Beardmore's method is artistic, and with a little more assurance in attack, which will come with confidence and experience, will be greatly improved. His friends made up for the usual tribute to singers of the gentler sex by the enthusiasm of their applause, and everyone was charmed with the concert. Mrs. Campbell, vocalist, and Miss Caldwell, pianist, assisted. Among the audience were Lady Clark and the Misses Clark, Lady Mulock, Mrs. and Miss Cawthra of Zeadon Hall and Miss Howard, who came out from England with them; Mrs. Le Grand Reed, Mrs. and Miss Melvin Jones, Mrs. Davis and Mlle. Juliette Gauthier, Mrs. and Miss Ina Matthews, Mrs. and Miss Wallbridge, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Plumb, Mr. Frank Darling, Mr. G. T. Blackstock, Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Osborne, Mrs. Clayton, Mr. Flower, Mrs. Moss, Mrs. Falconbridge, Miss Falconbridge, Mrs. and Miss Sweetman, Mr. Pinnicane, Mr. and Mrs. Alan Sullivan, Mrs. Yarker, Mrs. G. R. R. Cockburn, Mrs. and Miss Somerville of Atherly, Mr. Wilkie, Mrs. Sweny of Rohallion, Commander Law, Mr. Law, Mr. and Mrs. Aemilius Baldwin, Miss Baldwin, Countess Rochereau de la Sabliere, Mrs. and Miss Flora Macdonald, Mr. Kelly Evans, Dr. and Mrs. A. A. Macdonald, Mrs. and the Misses Hagarty, Miss Wornum, the Misses Nordheimer of Glenedyth, Mr. and Mrs. James Scott, Mr. George Sears, Mr. and Mrs. DuVernet, Mr. Jameson, Mr. Long Inness, Mr. and Mrs. Wilmot Matthews, Mrs. Tom Bright, Mr. Sydney Band, Mrs. and Miss Elmsley, Mrs. V. Greene, Mr. and Mrs. Tripp, Mrs. and Miss Cross and Miss Chrysler of Ottawa, Mr. A. and Miss Nordheimer, Miss Elsie Keefer, Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Gibson, Mrs. Polson and Miss Rosamond Boulton, Mr. and Mrs. Britton Francis, Mrs. J. B. Maclean, Mr. Burke, Mrs. and Miss Ireland, Mrs. Warrington, Mr. and Mrs. Walker Bell, Mr. and Mrs. Jack Moss, Mr. and Miss Macdougall, Mrs. Wallace Nesbitt, Mrs. J. J. Dixon, Miss Constance Boulton, Mrs. Pepler, Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Macklem, Mrs. Frank Anglin, Mrs. and Miss Darling, and a number of members of the Beardmore family, who are doubtless very proud of the success of Mr. Lissant Beardmore.

The marriage of Miss Joyce Grant and Mr. Rudolph Rose will take place in Deer Park Presbyterian church on November 14. Miss Grant was one of the prettiest and most popular of the debutantes of a couple of seasons back and her future is a clever young man in an excellent position in connection with electrical developments at the Falls.

Lady Pellatt will receive next Monday at her home in Sherbourne street.

On Saturday afternoon Mrs. Mavor gave a delightful afternoon at her home in Queen's Park, in honor of Ben Greet and some of the members of his company. The veteran actor-manager of the Elizabethan plays and the Misses Cole and Vivien each had a little group of friends, old and new, about them. Miss Cole is lovely, bright and full of life and fun, and the Vivien sisters, the sweetest of girls, golden haired, cultured, full of mischief and amusing reminiscences of their experience during eleven years of play acting. Some one remarked that they must have commenced in infant parts, but the merriest of the twain answered that they were "frogs" for several years! Which, to those familiar with Greek plays, will not seem as absurd as it looks. At Mrs. Mavor's tea a large party of prominent social, artistic and literary folk enjoyed an hour with these clever and attractive people—and were daintily served with the cup that cheers and its fashionable accompaniments, by the graceful young daughter of the house and other friends.

Several dinners and suppers were given on Saturday by hostesses going to the Lissant Beardmore recital. Mrs. Le Grand Reed entertained the four ladies from Llawhaden at supper and some gentlemen. Mrs. Osborne gave a small dinner. Mr. Frank Darling also had some friends for dinner and went on to the concert afterwards.

Mlle. Eva Gauthier is in Italy and is having *un succes fou*. Mlle. Juliette Gauthier expects to go abroad shortly also. These two clever sisters are little artists each in her own line, and are so pretty that it seems the fairies must have been in their most generous humor at the time of their christening.

Mrs. Melvin-Jones had a very charming supper on Sunday evening at which the bride and groom, Mr. and Mrs. Jameson and Miss Margaret Huston were among the guests.

Mrs. Miles presented her debutante daughter, Blanche, to the young set on Saturday at one of the joliest teas of the month, when all the girls in town seemed to be talking and laughing at once, and breathing room was at a premium in the cosy home in Russell street. The sisters of the debutante, with Miss Muriel Jarvis, and several other pretty girls, attended on the guests and carried good things to such as were hopelessly blocked in their progress to the tea table, which was decorated with chrysanthemums. If Miss Blanche, who looked very nice in a white

frock, and had many bouquets, has half as good a time this winter as her friends wished her, she will indeed be a happy girl. Among those at the tea was Miss Corson, who comes out this season, and is quite a little business woman, besides being a handsome and animated member of society. Miss Murray, Miss Hilda Burton, Miss Elizabeth Blackstock and several other debutantes were among Mrs. Miles' guests on Saturday.

Mrs. Clayton, of London, England, who is visiting Mrs. H. C. Osborne are winning all hearts. Various small entertainments are being given at which she is the radiant guest of honor.

On Thursday and Friday of last week Mrs. W. Delmar Cavendish, nee Pearson, received in her new home, 309 Avenue road, and was assisted by Mrs. Duncan, of Brantford, her elder sister. The bride wore her exquisite wedding robe of satin with lace and pearls, and Mrs. Duncan wore a grayish lavender voile gown. The bijou home was made lovely with many flowers, and huge white 'mums centered the tea-table, where the bridesmaids presided, and Mrs. Lovell, aunt of the bride, poured tea.

Mrs. Powis, nee Logan, received on Friday at her new home, 28 McMaster avenue, and a great many friends called. Mrs. Logan received with her daughter, who looked graceful and sweet in her white lace bridal dress. The bridesmaids assisted in the tea-room and the table was decorated with 'mums and prettily lighted.

Mrs. Herbert Jarvis, 117 Glen road, received on Monday in her new home, and will be at home next Monday also.

The officers of the Q. O. R. will be "at home" in the mess room at the Armories on Wednesday evening, Nov. 6. After the prize giving Colonel Sir Henry Pellatt and Lady Pellatt will receive.

Invitations are out to the wedding of Miss Rosamond Howard Fuller, daughter of Mrs. Charles Fuller, 67 South drive, Rosedale, and Rev. Robert Gay, which will take place next Thursday, Nov. 7, in St. Simon's church, at three o'clock. After the ceremony Mrs. Fuller will give a reception at her residence.

Mrs. Allen Cassels is renting her house in Wellesley Place and going out of town, to be with her husband, who has been ill.

Mrs. Hugh Lumsden returned to Ottawa on Monday night.

Major and Mrs. James Cooper Mason are settled at 203 Madison avenue, where Mrs. Mason will receive next Friday.

Mrs. Bertram Denison received for the first time on Monday and Tuesday afternoons, and swarms of friends called, a long line of autos and carriages filling the street before her home. Mr. Denison fearlessly faced the fair ones, and was an indefatigable host. Mrs. Victor Williams and Mrs. Arthur Vankoughnet presided at the tea and coffee trays in the dining-room, where a group of pretty bridesmaids waited on the guests. Two soldiers in scarlet opened the door and announced the visitors. Miss Yvonne Nordheimer was in the drawing-room with her sister. The bride wore a white lace gown and received her visitors with all the bright graciousness of manner she has always possessed.

Mrs. and Miss Long of Woodlawn are giving a tea next Tuesday, November 5.

Mr. and Mrs. George Reid receive this afternoon at their home in Indian road.

Rear-Admiral and Mrs. Denison arrived safely in England by the Adriatic, and are now in their own house in Gosport. Mrs. J. J. Kingsmill, Miss Kingsmill and Miss Meta Cross reached England last week. Mrs. Osborne of Clover Hill arrived home from England this week. Miss Juliette Gauthier returned to Ottawa on Tuesday.

Mrs. W. E. Atkinson, A.R.C.A., has an exhibition of pictures at Matthews from October 28 to November 9.

A fancy dress dance to celebrate Hallowe'en was given in Varsity gym. on Thursday. The guests had a royal time. The dance was a cinderella, from eight to twelve o'clock.

Mrs. Murray Alexander, 15 Roxborough street east, will receive next Tuesday afternoon in her new home.

Mrs. A. M. M. Kirkpatrick gave a pleasant informal tea on Friday for Mrs. D'Eyncourt Strickland, at her home in Rusholme road. The hostess received in the drawing-room, wearing a dainty white and black gown, and Mrs. Nattress, with the little daughters of the hostess, had charge of the tea-table, which was done with chrysanthemums, the flower of the hour.

Mrs. R. S. Cassels' tea for the presentation of her daughter, Laura, was one of the big affairs of last Friday, a great number of people arriving at 93 Bedford road to welcome the debutante to society. Mrs. Cassels received at the entrance to the drawing-rooms, in a dark costume with wide white lace trimming, and the debutante, who is a very attractive maiden, was in pale pink with a bouquet of Beauty roses. The guests were so many that had not the house been most conveniently arranged, there would have been difficulty in getting about. The tea-table was bright with golden 'mums and ribbons and autumn leaves, and yellow shaded candles in silver stands. Mrs. Peleg Howland poured tea, and the Misses Harcourt, Vernon-Susette, Whilamie Baldwin, Hilda Cayley and several others waited on the guests.

The marriage of Miss Marjorie Gibbons, youngest daughter of Mr. George Christie Gibbons, and Mr. John L. Counsell, of Hamilton, will take place on November 9 in St. Paul's Cathedral, London, Ontario, and the ceremony will be followed by a reception at Lornehurst, the Gibbons homestead.

Mrs. and Miss Sinclair gave a tea on Tuesday for their guests, Mrs. and Miss Pike of New York. Miss Pike attended the Victoria club ball with her hostesses last Thursday night.

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To guarantee a solid rubber tire against defect is not to guarantee the quality of the rubber it contains.

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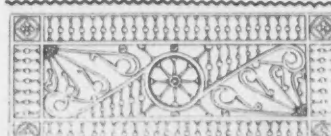


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**STORIES OF A FAMOUS JUDGE**

MANY interesting stories are told of Lord Brampton, better known as Sir Henry Hawkins, the famous English judge, who lately passed away at the age of ninety-three. Some of these have at various times appeared in SATURDAY NIGHT, and now that the veteran's long life—thirty-three years of which were spent at the bar and twenty-two years on the bench—is terminated, many more Hawkins' anecdotes are being brought to light.

His common-sense knowledge of the motives and frailties of men and women enabled him always to penetrate a veil of subterfuge or intrigue or falsehood, and his acquaintance with the sordid ways and passionate romances of human nature was almost exceptional. It may be illustrated by a single anecdote.

A prisoner convicted of murder at the Old Bailey was asked, according to custom, if he had anything to say why sentence of death should not be passed upon him. In hoarse tones, full of terror, he declared himself innocent of the crime, and ended a brief but passionate harangue with the words, "May God strike me dead if I done it!" Mr. Justice Hawkins, who was about to assume the black cap, laid it aside for a moment and put on an air of expectancy which made every heart in court stop beating. After an interval which seemed endless, though it was doubtless only a few seconds, he spoke, slowly and softly, and said with dreadful irony: "As the Almighty has not seen fit to answer your prayer, I will now proceed to pass sentence!"

One of the stories told of Mr. Hawkins as a junior illustrates his imperturbability. He was practising before Lord Campbell, who was precise to the verge of pedantry. The case involved references to various descriptions of carriages, both public and private. Referring during his address to the jury to a brougham, which he pronounced with two syllables—broom—the judge interrupted with this bland correction: "Excuse me, but I think that if instead of saying 'broom' you were to say 'broom,' you would be more intelligible to the jury, and, moreover, you would save a syllable." "I am much obliged to your lordship," replied Mr. Hawkins as he proceeded to close his speech and sit down to nurse his resentment.

Presently the judge, while summing-up, said "omnibus." Instantly the daring, non-pedantic Mr. Hawkins rose and exclaimed, "Pardon me, m'lud, but I would take the liberty of suggesting that instead of saying 'omnibus,' your lordship should say 'bus,' and you would then be more intelligible to the jury, and besides you would save two syllables." A smile flitted across the jury box, and a titter rippled through the court, and Lord Campbell looked at Mr. Hawkins with thoughts too deep for words.

The imperturbability and humor which never deserted Judge Hawkins were illustrated when in the autumn of 1894 an explosive intended, it was believed, for his injury, was placed at the house, close by, of Mr. Reginald Brett, son of the Master of the Rolls. With a twinkling eye he said to his friend: "It is no use, my dear Brett, their attempting to intimidate me by blowing in your front door."

The only racehorse Mr. Hawkins ever owned—although his fondness for the turf was strong—was a "pedigree thoroughbred called Dreadnought," which became a broken-down castaway, and was given to him as a present. One day when riding up Richmond Hill the animal fell, cut his knees to pieces and Mr. Hawkins as well. In course of time a purchaser came looking for Dreadnought, and the groom negotiated a sale for £15.

Some time afterwards the groom came into Mr. Hawkins at breakfast with a look of astonishment and said: "You'll be surprised to hear, sir, that our 'oss has won a £50 prize at Bromley and a pot of money besides in bets for his owner."

"Won a prize!" said Mr. Hawkins. "Was it by standing on his head?"

"Won a race, sir. He beat the cracks, beat the favorites, and took in all the knowing ones. I always said there was something about that 'oss, s'r."

"How many horses ran?" said Mr. Hawkins to the groom.

"Three, sir; two of 'em crack horses."

The whole mystery of Dreadnought's performance was solved by the discovery that all three horses belonged to the same owner!

**A Thanksgiving Prayer.**

ALMIGHTY God, who from Thy unthought height Rulst the nations with unwearied might And teachest human fingers noon and night The warp of glory on the loom of fight, Honor and Praise!

We thank Thee for the gift of battlefield And for the memoried foe we made to yield, For brightness of the garlands that did shield Our brows before the envied wounds were healed. Honor and Praise!

We thank Thee that elect of all are we, The masters of the earth and subtle sea, For mind that with invention sets men free And with unstudied song gives wing to glee. Honor and Praise!

—Philip Becker Goetz in Lippincott's.

New York has adopted the type of street car in operation in Montreal. Commenting on the fact the New York World says: The introduction of the Montreal type of street car by the Metropolitan will be an event for New York, which is not accustomed to progressive ideas in surface transportation. The new car is not only larger and better equipped than those in use, but is especially designed so that passengers will enter and leave by separate passages. This arrangement should go far to obviate much confusion and delay during the hours of heaviest traffic. It should mean a saving of time for passengers and of money for the company. It is quite likely that in the beginning the Montreal type of car will not give entire satisfaction. Much will depend upon the way the public adapts itself to the change. The New York traction crowd handles itself with little more intelligence than a flock of sheep. Its manners are bad. When in a hurry it is rough and often brutal. It loses time by its insane haste to save time, and is ready to do anything except display common sense. The new surface car is operated in Montreal on the principle that people have sufficient self-control to follow the rules. Therefore it is operated successfully. Whether New York can train itself to act rationally in getting on and off a street car remains to be seen.

**Large Eternal Fellows.**

THERE are large eternal fellows making music here—about, And large eternal men are yet to be; And long will be the long, long years before the breed runs out, Strong as iron in the mountains, clean as saltness in the sea. There were large eternal fellows, and they lived before the Flood, And they fought the slimy dragons of the old Deucalion mud— And still the good earth nourishes the same eternal brood, There are large eternal fellows yet to be.

There were large eternal fellows with the Cavemen long ago, Hairy Platos, stammering voices for the dumb, Men who felt the steaming up-gush of great Nature's overflow,— And great Nature has her darlings yet to come.

There is iron in the mountains, there is saltness in the sea. There shall flower higher corn-blossoms on the stalks of destiny, There's a race of giants growing for the long years yet to be,— There are large eternal fellows yet to come.

There was workmanship put in it, and the world was made to last, And it wears as well to-day as hitherto; And the large eternal fellows that it grew there in the past— It shall match and overtop them with the new; In its green irriguous valleys lilies grow as fair as then, There are giant pines and redwoods towering from the watered glen, Nor has Nature lost the cunning yet of making giant men,— There are large eternal fellows yet to be.

From the star-dust of wide spaces did the mighty worlds cohere— And there's star-dust for a million worlds to be; There are many things that happen in the long Platonic year,— There are new stars yet unmolded that the coming days will see. The cosmic stuff for stars and men the years shall not debase,— And greater stars than through the skies shall newly loom in space, And greater men than yet have been shall yet redeem the race, There are large eternal fellows yet to be.

—Sam Walter Foss.

**Apprenticeship in Letters.**

René Bache in Lippincott's.

WRITING has been called, perhaps with truth, the most difficult of all professions. To do it really well, even a person who has the gift—for undeniably it is a gift—must practice it with patience and industry for many years. And yet, curiously enough, outside of the literary occupation, there is hardly an educated person of either sex who does not believe that he or she could write if so inclined.

It is certainly very odd. The average man one meets does not imagine that he could do good brick-laying or carpentering without special training; but where literary work is concerned, he thinks it a matter of course that he could perform it capably—possibly with a small amount of preliminary practice.

What is called literary form is the dress in which the writer clothes the ideas he wishes to express. It represents the most difficult part of literary workmanship, and to acquire it demands long and painstaking study.

So important is the dress of literature that, if it be sufficiently attractive, it will even conceal the absence of ideas. To take a crude example, there is in every large newspaper office at least one man who is exceptionally skilled in the production of what is technically known as "rot." Whenever an introduction is required for a big news "story," the task is likely to be handed over to him, with the words, "Give us a column or so of rot to start the feature, Mr. Jones."

Now, it should not be supposed that the term "rot," thus used, is meant to express contempt. On the contrary, there is such a thing as good rot, or even highly superlative rot. To produce it, of satisfactory quality, requires no little expertness in the literary art.

"Rot" is merely verbiage containing neither facts nor ideas, but dressed up in such style as to make good reading. If it flows easily, and gives an agreeable impression, it does not need to contain any ideas. Its chief function is to fill a certain amount of space. Indeed, it may be said that the writing of first-class rot is an admirable accomplishment. Many of the most highly esteemed "gems" of real literature turn out, if one dissects them carefully, to be nothing more nor less than rot. Not an idea worth mentioning is there in them, but vacuity of thought is so exquisitely attired and bedecked that their perusal affords a never-failing delight.

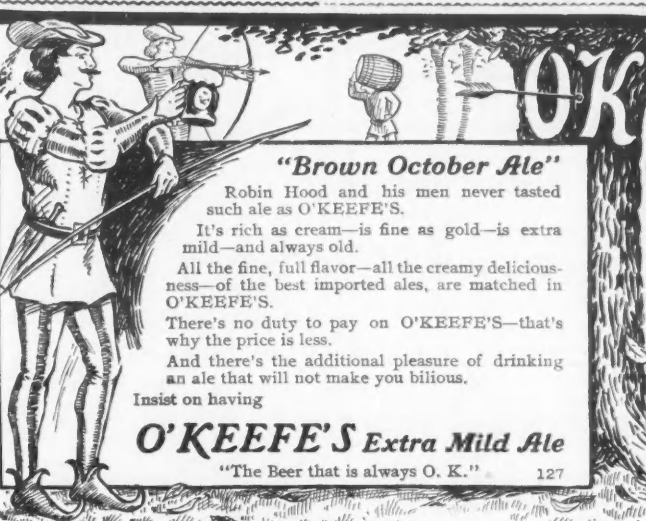
From Tangier comes the announcement of the appearance of a new prophet among the Moors of Barbary. This imitator of Mahomet is well known to Parisians, and it is rather amusing to find a Frenchman going to the heart of the desert to carry out his masquerade, for he is none other than Doctor Grenier, once upon a time a radical deputy for Pontarlier. After his election, having become a Mussulman in Algeria, he insisted on perambulating Paris and entering the chamber clad in his Moslem garb. He likewise performed his daily abl in accordance with the Koran, not, however, privately, but before everybody. He washed himself every morning and evening in the river near the Chamber of Deputies. This was a little too strong even for Paris, and Pontarlier soon had another deputy, and in the due course of time the Moors were being told a new prophet had arrived and he came to reconcile them with the French.

Among the members of royal houses who of recent years have retired from the world and sought the seclusion of a convent is now to be enrolled the Princess Clara of Bavaria, who has just entered the community of Benedictine nuns, who have established themselves in the Isle of Wight, where they purchased a beautiful estate in close proximity to Osborne. This community possesses an ex-queen for its lady abbess in the person of the venerable widow of the late Don Miguel, formerly King of Portugal; and among its most illustrious and frequent visitors were the present Queen of Spain (prior to her marriage) and her mother, Princess Henry of Battenberg.

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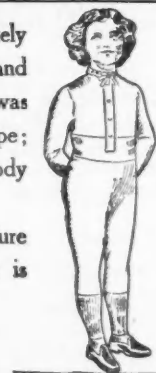
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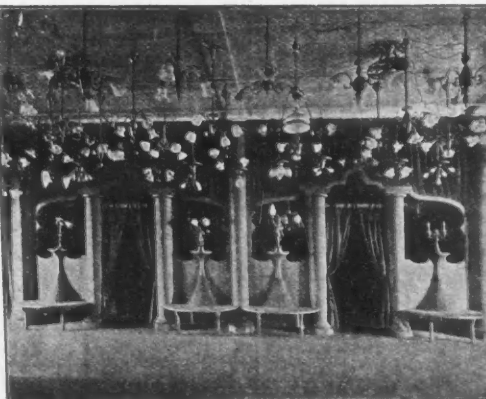


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## Young Canadians Serving the King

LXXIV.



CAPTAIN ALEX. ADAMS,

Royal Engineers. General Manager Egyptian Delta Rg.  
Graduate Royal Military College of Canada, 1887.

### Social and Personal

SOME years ago the Victoria Club ball used always to open the season, then the event was written off, and the season opened with the first dance that happened. This year we have returned to our muttons. The season had its old time opening on Thursday of last week, when just enough people to make ideal conditions for the dancers were promptly on hand and received a warm welcome from the president, Mr. W. de Leigh Wilson, and other members of the ball committee. The decorators had lined the entire interior of the vast rink in which the Victoria Club balls are held, with soft green spruce up to the top rail of the gallery, and the effect of the dim green walls of spruce, twinkling with lights, set off by the many-colored Chinese lanterns which hung from the cross beams, was that of some sylvan fête. A small part of the floor was spread with Turkish rugs and set with many comfortable chairs and sofas for the patronesses and chaperones, although many of them danced constantly instead of reposing in the seats of honor. The music was excellent and the encores too numerous to mention. As for the floor, it was a delight, especially to such of the guests as remembered the old floor, the most tiring to dancers in town. The supper was set at the east end of the rink in a space screened off by a lattice of spruce and brilliantly lighted, while the dancing space was flooded with subdued and most becoming light. The officers of the club and other members were most gallant in showing the club quarters proper to the ladies, who found the grate fires most tempting to linger beside and the cosy rooms delightful. The Misses Mortimer Clark were the guests of honor, and looked well in white satin gowns, touched with pink and blue respectively. With them in the quadrille d'honneur were the president, Mrs. Frank Cowan, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Arnoldi, Mr. and Mrs. Harton Walker, Miss McMurrich, Mr. W. D. Ross and Mr. B. Wilson. Some of the guests were: Mrs. T. B. Taylor and her debutante, Miss Evelyn, who wore a pink frock; Miss Madeline Walker, another debutante, in a lovely white chiffon and lace dress, with silver bandeau and tasselled bow in the coiffure; the Misses Mary and Eva Miles were with their debutante sister, Miss Blanche, who wore a white frock and carried a sheaf of 'mums'; Mr. Arthur and Miss Muriel Jarvis, the latter in a smart flowered *organdie de soie*; the Misses Sinclair, one in pink and the other in palest blue; Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Duggan and Mr. Wilfrid and Miss Lois Duggan, the latter looking very pretty and wearing a wreath of tiny roses on her soft brown hair, and a pretty pink dress. Another of last year's debutantes who looked remarkably handsome was Miss Mabel Lennox, in a white gown. Mr. Wedd brought his daughter, Miss Marguerite Wedd. Dr. and Mrs. Garratt came late, Mrs. Garratt looking a picture in black touched with lavender and a lavender wreath on her coiffure. Mrs. McDowall Thomson wore black with jet. Miss Edith Holland looked pretty in pale blue. Miss Edna Cosby, whose debut this season, wore a dainty white gown. Miss Brenda Smellie wore peach colored satin and carried a bouquet of white carnations; Mrs. Will Lamont wore white satin, Mrs. Arnoldi wore black lace and handsome amethyst necklace, and Miss Joan Arnoldi looked particularly well, also in a black gown; Mr. and Mrs. James Foy, the latter in a lovely satin Empire gown, and Miss Pauline Foy in white lace; Mr. and Mrs. Jack Alley, Miss Wallbridge, Mr. Percy Robertson, Mr. Lane, Mr. E. O'Flynn, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Mitchell, Mr. and Mrs. Eade Chadwick, Mr. Young, Miss McGill, Major Michie, Major Cosby, Mr. Baldwin, Miss Muriel Cronyn, Miss Pearl Wynn, of Goderich, Mr. Douglas Young, Miss Florence Bell, Mr. Will Lamont, the Misses Cross, the Misses Cosby.

Miss Lizzie Lamport returned to town last week, after a long sojourn abroad. She visited Mrs. Dickson Patterson in Tunbridge Wells and found her very well.

Major Churchill Cockburn, V. C., will be in Toronto this month. I believe he is expected about the fifteenth.

Owing to the shockingly sudden death of Mr. Frank Polson on Monday, Mrs. Marsh's tea for which cards were out this week, is cancelled. Mrs. Polson, nee Thompson, is a cousin of Mrs. Marsh.

Mrs. Wallbridge is giving a tea next Monday for her Scotch nephew and niece, Mr. and Mrs. Mitchell, who are out on a visit.

The marriage of Miss Bessie Marsh, eldest daughter of Mr. A. H. Marsh, K. C., 164 Jarvis street, and Mr. S. P. Brewer, of Louisville, Kentucky, was celebrated in New York on October 3. Miss Marsh and Mr. Brewer had been engaged for some time, and I hear that the latter is

a very fine fellow. Miss Marsh's Toronto friends are sending her many kind thoughts and wishes; her ability and success in artistic work in New York has made them proud of her.

A quiet wedding, notice of which was left over last week, was celebrated in St. James' Cathedral, in the presence of the relatives of the bride, last Wednesday, October 23, Canon Welch officiating. The bride was Miss Andrene Thornton Todd, fourth daughter of the late A. Thornton Todd, and the groom Mr. Charles Henshaw Anderson, son of the late Canon Anderson, of Montreal. The bride wore her travelling dress. Mr. and Mrs. Anderson have taken Miss Rowand's house, 2 Crescent road, which they will occupy after their return from their honeymoon.

Mrs. George Evans gave a tea yesterday for Mrs. Bert-ram Denison.

Mrs. and Miss Long, of Woodlawn, Jarvis street, are giving a tea next Tuesday.

Captain and Mrs. Parkyn Murray went down to New York this week with Mr. and Mrs. Forgan, their recent guests, for a short visit.

Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Burrows, of Belleville, announce the engagement of their daughter, Lila Florence, to Mr. Charles Spalding, of Chicago, Ill. The marriage will take place in November.

Mrs. Vincent Greene has rented her house and will go abroad shortly. Until her departure she is at Mrs. Mead's, 266 Bloor street west.

Mrs. Jameson received on Tuesday afternoon at her aunt, Miss Rowand's home, 2 Crescent road, of which as Dora Rowand she was so bright an ornament. Miss Rowand assisted the bride in the drawing room, looking her best in a beautiful gown of blue velvet. Mrs. Jameson wore mole panne velvet, and on her lace guimpe rested the beautiful necklet of old Indian coins and quaint little figures which was one of her bridegroom's gifts. The central coin is dated about 550. Mauve orchids were her corsage flowers, and all about the room were great pink and white 'mums. In the dining-room a tea-table was centered with a forest of deep red Richmond roses, and Mrs. D. W. Alexander matronized the bridesmaids, in their pretty gowns and hats, who waited on the callers. Some of those who looked in about five were: Miss Mortimer Clark, Mrs. Cawthra, Miss Grace Cawthra, Mrs. Grasset, Mrs. and Miss Alexander, of Bon Accord; Mrs. Osborne, of Clover Hill; Mrs. Cawthra Mulock, Dr. Grasset, Mr. G. T. Blackstock, Mrs. George Evans, Miss Ina Matthews, Miss Langmuir, Mrs. Burnham, Mrs. Geary, Mrs. McGregor Young, and Mrs. Dignam.

Mrs. Murray Alexander receives for the first time in her new home, 15 Roxboro street east, next Tuesday. A few friends have already called and admired the charming home which has been evolved under the artistic taste of Mr. and Mrs. Alexander from an ordinary but solid and capacious house. The situation is one of the finest possible and in a high and salubrious part of the city.

The Colonial Serenaders, who play and sing in McConkey's Cafe every evening from six to eight, and from ten to twelve, add much to the joy of dining and supping in that popular locality.

Miss Louise Janes left for England on Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Glass and Miss Glass are settled in Miss Jennings' house in St. Vincent street, which Mr. Glass recently purchased. Mrs. Glass will receive on Tuesday.

Mrs. Barker is removing this week from upper St. George street to Rowanwood avenue, where she has built one of the cosiest of homes. Mrs. Alan M. Jones is still with her mother.

Madame Le Grand Reed sang at the Thanksgiving concert in Guelph, and Mr. J. D. A. Tripp played. The programme was a most interesting one.

Last Saturday the marriage of Miss Nina Louise Foster, younger daughter of Mrs. Richard Foster, and Mr. Albert S. May, son of Mr. Samuel May, was celebrated in St. Augustine's church, the rector, Rev. Fred Plummer, officiating. The ceremony took place at two o'clock, and the bride was brought in and given away by her brother-in-law, Mr. W. A. Hewitt. She wore a very becoming white gown, with much heavy guipure lace and needlework, and a little veil fastened over a crown of orange blossoms and lily of the valley. The bouquet was of roses and lilies. Miss Winifred Smith was maid of honor in Nile green silk with touches of gold and lace trimmings and black picture hat with plumes. Her bouquet was of white 'mums. Mr. W. May, brother of the groom, was best man. The ushers were Messrs. Charles McCollum, C. K. Dodds and W. Warwick. Mrs. Hewitt gave the wedding reception, and her residence in Bathurst street was profusely decorated with 'mums, of which a wedding bell was formed, under which the bride and groom stood to receive congratulations. They went to New York for the honeymoon, Mrs. May travelling in a dark blue and green cloth costume and smart hat, and on their return to town will live in the Dowling apartments.

The Misses Kirkpatrick are at Iverholm. They have rented their house in Lowther avenue for the winter.

The stork called on Mrs. Wallace Bruce, 214 Aberdeen avenue, Hamilton, on Saturday, with the present of a little son and heir.

Miss Somerville of Atherly had a theatre party on Monday night to see the Social Whirl at the Princess, and took her guests to McConkey's for supper afterwards.

Shea's has been good this week. It was impossible to get seats there when a party of society folk arrived a little after eight one night. On Tuesday night quite a number of well-known people were in the audience. The broncho creates quite a sensation, and the wise horse ridden by the clever cow girl is as clever as they make 'em. The whole programme is interesting.

The marriage of Miss Helen Wadsworth of Tyndall avenue, Parkdale, and Mr. W. Ford Howland, will take place very quietly in St. Mark's church on November 20.

Owing to these columns going to press on Wednesday, a day earlier than usual, several accounts of mid-week social events must wait until next issue for insertion.

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Manager.

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**CHRYSANTHEMUMS - ROSES - VIOLETS - ORCHIDS - CARNATIONS**

Mr. Simmons, at considerable expense, has fitted up and enlarged his old premises, making what is probably the finest florist shop outside of Broadway, New York, where he is prepared to execute any commission entrusted to him. He makes a specialty of Wedding and Funeral Decorations

**Simmons's**  
266-268  
Yonge Street

## Christmas Gift Thoughts

It'll soon be time to think seriously about the selecting of the Xmas gift.

Already suggestions are being sought and enquiries made regarding suitable and appropriate articles.

Diamonds, Watches and Jewelry rank as "first" in the minds and hearts of most people.

Our stock shows abundant evidences that this season will be no exception to the rule as a leading attraction to jewelry gift purchasers.

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CANADA

## Books and Authors

Notes Regarding Recent and Forthcoming Publications of Interest to Canadian Readers, and Gossip Concerning Literary People.

SINCE Emerson Hough wrote "The Mississippi Bubble," his name has become familiar to a good many Canadians by reason of the many magazine articles he has written of late on the wonderful expansion and seemingly unlimited resources of the Canadian West, after travelling extensively through that country. Mr. Hough is an exceedingly good journalist. His articles on the West, which have appeared in Outing and other American magazines, are very informing, and are dressed in the best style of newspaper writing. His latest novel, "The Way of a Man," which has just been published by the Musson Book Co., Limited, Toronto, even more than his previous stories, shows Mr. Hough to be not only an expert journalistic writer, but an expert story writer as well. Some one has said that journalism is a trade and literature an art. Emerson Hough does not share this belief, but thinks that the best writing is accomplished by patience and practice. "I personally don't believe in inspiration and long hair," says he. "It seems to me that writing is to-day a profession or trade. Why invest it with frills? A blacksmith rolls up his sleeves and makes a horseshoe. Why shouldn't a writer work the same way, seeing his horseshoe in his mind before he begins to hammer?"

At all events "The Way of a Man" is written in a style most refreshing and not without distinction. The story itself is strong and delightfully wholesome, full of action and of human interest. The scene of the novel is laid in Virginia during the western movement just before the war of the North and the South. John Cowles, a fine, clean, chivalric young fellow, son of a Virginian gentleman, finds himself, through the impetuosity of youth, engaged, without love, to his fair neighbor, Grace Sheraton. Just at this time the easy life of thoughtless leisure that he has led changes to one of trouble, perplexity, and adventure. He encounters Gordon Orme, a strange mixture of English patrician and subtle villain, who gives him his first glimpse of the complexities of human character and of life. The master of the Cowles estate loses his life, leaving his affairs badly involved, and John Cowles, his only son, rides to the West to seek counsel of Colonel Meriweather, his father's partner in a certain large business venture. He meets the colonel's daughter, Ellen, and one day these two, journeying over the plains with a party of soldiers, become detached from the others and are lost. They wander on together for several months, undergoing great hardships, and a love that is entirely clean and fine grows in their hearts for each other. Not knowing how long they may be alone on the plains, John Cowles, forgetting his troth with Grace Sheraton, writes a covenant of marriage between them on a piece of skin. He signs it himself with a burnt brand, and Ellen commences to sign it by affixing one letter of her name each week. But before she has written it all they are rescued. Then Cowles is faced with his duplicity, and many misunderstandings follow, which are cleared up after some tragic revelations.

The author has drawn his characters skillfully. John Cowles is a brave figure—a big, frank, likable gentleman. Ellen Meriweather is a charming heroine, and the other Virginians in the story seem life-like to the reader as he makes their acquaintance. Gordon Orme, the fascinating, world-polished rascal, is a bizarre character; one that gives a piquant flavor to the



Mary Cecil

The Nurse in "The Time, the Place and the Girl," to be presented at the Princess Theatre next week.

story. Mr. Hough has succeeded admirably in "getting" the atmosphere of old Virginia, and of course the pictures that he gives of the West and of life in the open plains are excellent, for few writers know better how to paint them. Altogether "The Way of a Man" is a stirring and most entertaining romance, and it ought to be one of the most popular books of the year.

"The Flight to Eden," by Harrison Rhodes (Henry Holt & Co., of New York) is a book that holds the interest of the reader, but leaves a rather bad taste in the mouth. It is supposed to show how a young English nobleman grew strong in character while removed from all temptation in the wilds of Florida, but the reader fails to see any remarkable strength in him at any time. In fact there is not a strong or attractive character in the book, except, perhaps, that of Marion Harriman, the shy little backwoods girl whom he marries. Yet the book will fill its place in modern reading and is well spoken of by those who like that kind of thing.

H. M. Caldwell Co., of New York and Boston, have secured the American rights for the attractive little volumes in the Great Galleries of Europe Series, each book containing sixty or more reproductions of the famous pictures in each of the principal galleries of Europe. Four volumes, "The National Gallery," "The Tate Gallery," "The Louvre," and "The Luxembourg," have already been published and others are in preparation. Concise notes on the pictures or the artists are appended to each reproduction and the several volumes are prefaced with an historical account of the gallery represented.

Owing to the large success last season of Alice C. D. Riley's child book "The Voyage of the Wishbone Boat," H. M. Caldwell Company of New York and Boston have brought out this year, especially for the holidays, a new edition fully illustrated in colors by L. J. Bridgman and with attractive border designs in tint (\$1.25). It makes a charming gift for children from the age of seven to twelve, the pictures proving a constant delight, while the story, so often referred to as the modern "Alice in Wonderland," dealing with the little princess and her court jester on their travels through Toyland, is one of the best and most interesting for children published during the last few years.

In the preface of "The Stork Book," Newton Newkirk's latest book of humor published by H. M. Caldwell Company of New York and Boston, the author confesses that he has not known the joys of fatherhood and therefore knows nothing of babies, but insists that he is qualified to write authoritatively about them for the simple reason that the married folks who have no children always give advice on baby culture to those who have. As an antidote for any symptoms of "grouch" the book with its clever illustrations by Wallace Goldsmith and its unique cover with the baby china doll deserves a place in every home. It is not too much to say it is one of the brightest books of the year.

Sir Conan Doyle's next publication is to show him in still another light. It consists of a series of literary papers to be called "Through the Magic Door."

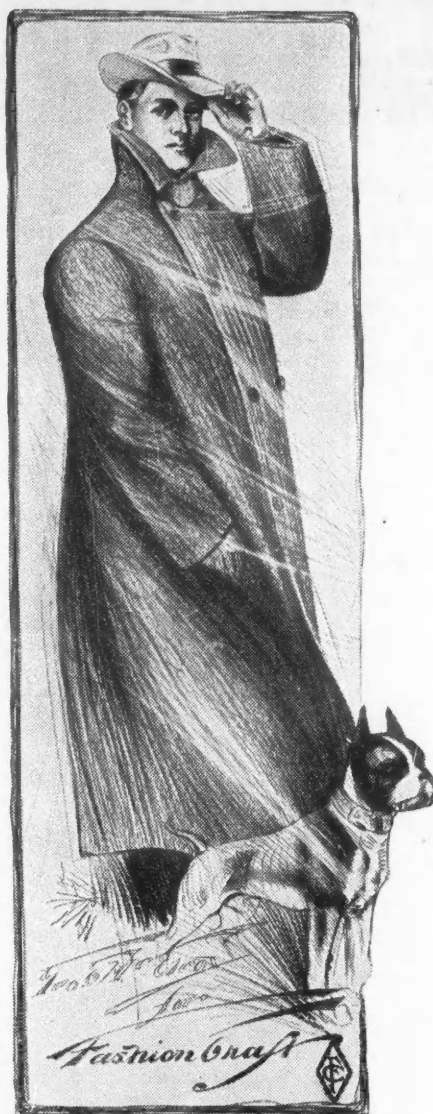
Dr. T. Alexander Davies returned to London last week, after an enjoyable month spent in Scotland and Ireland. Dr. Davies visited all the leading hospitals in Glasgow, Edinburgh and Belfast, and in Dublin was the guest of Sir Henry R. Swanzy, the principal ophthalmic surgeon of that city. On his return to London Dr. Davies was raised to the rank of senior clinical assistant at the Royal London Ophthalmic Hospital.

Bacon—I see the proprietor of the railroad restaurant has just died. Egbert—Is that so? Whom did he leave the sandwiches to?—Yonkers Statesman.

## THANKSGIVING DAY CASUALTIES AND MISHAPS.

A great many casualties were reported, chiefly caused by too much turkey and other good things on Thanksgiving Day, and many men in the town find the abnormal thirst produced by Thursday's conviviality is only relieved by drinking large quantities of that sparkling, refreshing and admirable temperance beverage, radnor.

It is a mis take to fancy that radnor must necessarily be associated with spirits of any kind, as many ardent members of the prohibition party keep it in their houses and enjoy its excellent bracing qualities.



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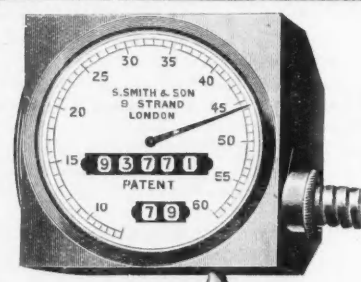
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Therefore "Fashion-Craft" clothes are cheaper

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Type No. 3—15 to 85 miles . . . 90.00  
With Tell Tale Feature, extra . . . 10.00

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Grandfathers' Clocks—Some genuine old examples.

Initial Mahogany Tea Tables and Tabourets.

Persian Rugs—A large number of beautiful designs.

Bonares and Jeypore Brassware.

Sheffield Trays, Five O'clock Tea Sets, Candelabra, Fish and Dessert Sets, Entree Dishes, etc.

All of the above goods are of the highest quality and are only to be found in the best shops in the city, and the prices will be found to be very moderate.

Mr. Alan C. Ewart, of Winnipeg, and his bride, daughter of Mr. H. G. Clay, of Philadelphia, arrived last Sunday at the Windsor, Montreal, and left for Quebec immediately. After visiting Mr. Ewart's parents at Ottawa they will come to Toronto, early in November, as the guests of Mrs. J. Herbert Mason, Ermeleigh.



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for nervous people. Taken  
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Calming and a nerve tonic—  
nourishes and strengthens.  
Palatable and without any  
disagreeable after  
effects.

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during winter. Recommended by  
medical men. Guaranteed ab-  
solutely unshrinkable by the  
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cleaning purposes.

**TORONTO WINDOW CLEANING CO.**  
LIMITED  
Phone Main 1413, Office: 190 King W.

## SPORTING COMMENT

"Oh! take the glittering hatchet down  
And pass the axe this way.  
For gruesome and dark are the things we'll do  
To the 'Inter-Pro's' today."

(Excerpt from the opening chorus of the C.A.A.U.  
Board of Governors, Saturday, October 26, 1907.)

WITH the relentless pre-  
cision of a machine the  
athletic authorities re-  
ferred to in the above  
artless effusion, went  
through their appointed stint  
of work last Saturday. As might be  
expected, the big event on the card  
was the consideration of the case of  
the Inter-Provincial Union in general  
and that of the Argonauts in particu-  
lar. From the apparent ease with  
which they tied the delinquents up in  
a bag and dropped them into the  
swollen waters of athletic oblivion,  
it might be inferred that the operation  
was a familiar one, but this is only  
true to a limited extent. There have  
been times in the past when it was  
necessary to pluck out the irritant  
that was inflaming the body athletic,  
but this operation was built on whole-  
sale lines, and one might well suppose  
that at the appointed time the instru-  
ments of justice would falter. But  
no, everything went through on the  
tick of the clock; there was a loud  
splash and the Inter-Provincial Union  
was overboard.

"Let justice be done though the  
heavens fall!" is the sentiment that  
has controlled the actions of the gov-  
erning body, and it must be confessed,  
justice is what they have ladled out,  
hot from the factory where the article  
is manufactured.

The fond parent who straightens  
out the kinks of his son's moral nature  
by the utilization of a leather belt  
carrying a four ounce buckle, and  
admits to himself that he is suffering  
the most from the operation, occupies  
a position very much like that in  
which the C.A.A.U. finds itself. The  
governors could have taken no plea-  
sure in the task. The resentment  
consequent upon the pert correspond-  
ence with which the Argonauts in-  
sulted their first boyish misdemeanor,  
must have nearly or entirely faded,  
so that those present were able to  
view the whole matter without heat  
or rancour and act in the best inter-  
ests of sport. In addition, what they  
did was the obvious thing to do.

As to possible effects, that is an-  
other story. At the present juncture,  
the Inter-Provincial Union is sailing  
ahead with all canvas set on a little  
voyage of its own. Fair winds, in  
the shape of public patronage, have  
been in evidence all along, but these  
are not guaranteed for all time.  
Montreal and Ottawa are the hard-  
ened sinners of the combination, and  
they don't care a hill of beans for  
those who sit in judgment. The  
players who compose the Hamilton  
team are not worrying much, as they  
do nothing to speak of outside foot-  
ball, but with the Argonauts it is  
different. One of these days, when  
the ice is floating out of the bay and  
the burly lads are putting on their  
striped jerseys, there is a likelihood  
of some tall talk in the locker-room.  
That is, of course, provided there is  
no change of heart in the meantime.  
In that case, the prodigal son, who  
wasn't so very prodigal after all, but  
only a trifle foolish and short in his  
speech, may fall on the parental  
bosom and be set close to the veal  
pie and rich herbs as heretofore.  
Let's hope so anyway.

REAL funny to hear that loud and  
prolonged howl from Ottawa  
because the Inter-Provincial League  
won't permit Pulford, Moore and  
other old-timers to play. Ottawa has  
evidently forgotten that that coterie  
of bruisers were relegated to the  
has-been class on November 25, 1905.  
The axiom "youth must be served"  
was totally ignored in the capital  
while Pulford, Moore & Co. were  
eligible and consequently when an  
amateur team was necessary to  
qualify for this season's rugby  
Ottawa discovers that her eligible  
material is untried and not in the  
same class with that from other  
places, where the most of the  
men playing senior ball to-day were  
learning the game at school when  
the Ottawa veterans were making a  
name for themselves by their ability  
to tear the opposing line to pieces.  
But on that eventful day nearly two  
years ago when, for the honor of  
Varsity, Casey Baldwin and a few of  
his fellow collegians took all that the  
redoubtable Ottawa line could hand  
out during the first half, and then  
turned the tables and made them  
look like "Prep" school players dur-  
ing the final period, it was clearly  
demonstrated to the unbiased spec-

tator that the veteran Ottawa for-  
wards, who had boasted that they  
could win without a half back line,  
were no longer there with the staying  
powers when opposed to the vim and  
vigor of youth.

But they don't see it that way in  
Ottawa. They even raised a cry be-  
cause Pulford and his Big Four were  
barred from the Canadian Henley  
this year. It would indeed be cruel  
to hint that had they been allowed to  
compete it would have meant their  
rowing demise also, but "Longboat"  
Taylor and his Argo crew were go-  
ing some during the past summer.  
As the late Dan Daly was wont to  
remark, "think it over."

BOB DUNBAR, writing in the  
Boston Journal, announces that  
he has figured out Longboat's chances  
of lowering the world's record for 20  
miles, and basing his predictions on  
the Indian's performance in the Bos-  
ton Marathon, says that he fails to  
see how Longboat can accomplish the  
task because the record was made on  
the best cinder track in the world, at  
Stamford Bridge, England. Mr. Dun-  
bar must have written his article be-  
fore taking the second thought, be-  
cause anyone in the running game  
around Boston could have informed  
him that the Big Chief would hardly  
attempt to lower a world's track  
record over the hills of the Boston  
course, which the Canadian runners  
who have covered it say is the hardest  
Marathon course in the country.

MR. DRIVER, a wealthy English  
brewer and a great polo play-  
er, was in Calgary a short time ago  
and saw some western polo. He was  
so pleased with the play and the  
ponies that he arranged with Mr. Os-  
borne E. Brown, a well-known ranch-  
er of the Calgary district, to purchase  
for him a shipment of forty of the  
best polo ponies he can secure, some  
to go to Eastern Canada, but most of  
them to be sent to England and South  
Africa. Mr. Brown has already pur-  
chased quite a few of the ponies, all  
well broken and trained to the game,  
but has had to pay as high as \$250  
for some of them, and for one he had  
to go into his dip to the extent of  
\$275. It is said that these ponies will  
probably fetch as high as \$600 in Eng-



THE TORONTO HUNT AT LAMETON MILLS ON SATURDAY LAST

land. Mr. Driver bought a raw one  
in Montana two years ago for \$75,  
sent it to England, broke it in to the  
game and this year refused \$700 for  
it.

Polo players in Alberta are so  
pleased about the advertisement their  
ponies and their polo are getting by  
this large purchase, but at the same  
time they fear that the taking away  
of forty of the best ponies will have  
an injurious effect on polo in the  
West next year, necessitating the  
breaking in of green ones and sending  
the price of good ones away up. But  
Calgary will soon make good the loss  
and be ready for the next visit of Mr.  
Driver.

COL. APPLETON, a noted Eng-  
lish hunter who has hunted big  
game in Asia and Africa, has just  
returned to Vancouver with a party  
of friends after hunting at the head-  
waters of the Stikine River. The  
party shot four grizzlies, numerous  
caribou, sheep and moose, and Col.  
Appleton is taking many of the heads  
with him to London.

GEORGE P. MARSH and F. J.  
Dingwell, of Winnipeg, were off  
the Pacific coast near Safety Cove in  
Fitzhugh Sound, in a small steam  
launch when they were disturbed at  
lunch by colliding with something.  
They found that they had run upon  
a whale which had evidently been  
napping on the surface. The prow

of the boat had injured the monster  
and seeing the craft it rushed it. The  
men pumped lead into it from their  
rifles, but it rushed at their boat a  
second time. By quick handling of  
the launch and by rapid and abundant  
shooting the men won out. The  
whale measured eighty feet. The  
two men state that they want no  
more combats with whales.

VANCOUVER will pay one-third  
of the \$10,500 it will cost to  
bring over the famous All-Black foot-  
ball team from New Zealand next  
year. The visitors will play three  
games at Leland Stanford, three at  
Berkeley, one with Nevada, at Reno,  
and three with clubs to be selected  
by the Vancouver Rugby Union.  
Couldn't the visitors be induced to see  
Canada and play clubs on the Atlantic  
seaboard when they are at it?

C HILLY autumn breezes blow—  
Follow up and tackle low,  
Buck and break away once more,  
All together, buck and score!

Autumn boughs are bare of leaf—  
Hello! nose has come to grief,  
Don't pass forward, follow back,  
Mind the giver not the whack.

Autumn sky is blue withal—  
Quickly scrimmage, heel the ball,  
Quarter-back to half, and then  
Punt it up the field again.

Autumn fields are parched by  
drought,  
Double efforts when in doubt,  
Centre field, now watch the pass,  
Don't mind falling on the grass.

Sunset glories fade and die—  
A minute more, the score a tie,  
Snappy signals, good end run,  
Jove! we're over, and we've won!

W. B. SCOTT.

Lennoxville, Que.

DAWSON City has sent down to  
Vancouver a basketball team  
which will play in all the coast cities  
during the next three or four weeks.  
A. S. Reid is in charge and with him  
are Joe Hancock, Mike Finlayson, E.  
Jackson, Milton Douglass, William  
Douglass, L. A. McArthur and J.

Pattinger. These players state that  
they are out on their own hook and  
without any financial guarantee, while  
the Nome team, which is going on an  
extended tour, have collected ten  
thousand dollars in advance to pay  
expenses. Take them all together  
there are some pretty good sports in  
the land of the midnight icicle, where  
everything freezes to you except your  
money.

THE Royal Northwest Mounted  
Police will probably be asked to  
do some extensive exploration work  
next year in the unknown wilds of  
the districts of Keewatin, Mackenzie  
and Ungava. Considerable work  
along this line has been carried on  
this year by the mounted police de-  
partment on Chesterfield Inlet and  
southern Keewatin. Next year it is  
planned to increase the number of  
men engaged in extending the knowl-  
edge of the unexplored districts still  
more remote from civilization. One  
party will probably strike west from  
Chesterfield Inlet and make a trail  
right through to Great Slave Lake.  
Another party will push north from  
southern Keewatin and traverse the  
hundreds of miles of practically un-  
known territory on the west side of  
Hudson's Bay. It is also proposed  
to send an attachment into northern  
and central Ungava.

In all these districts there are  
bands of Indians and Eskimos who,  
to all intents and purposes, are free

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TORONTO**

to do as they please without any re-  
gard for law or order or for the  
preservation of the forest areas from  
fires. Controller White states that  
the Mounted Police are always eager  
to engage in experiences of this kind  
which promise plenty of adventure  
and give many opportunities for the  
display of bravery and hardihood.

NOT all the head-rolls of Christen-  
dom can show a record of  
devotion worthy to stand by that of  
Robuscan, old Robuscan, chief of the  
Abitibiis. When he was still a young  
man an accident and unskilled surgery  
made of his squaw a cripple for life,  
writes Angus Dean Cameron. "For  
better, for worse," had been the vow  
made before the priest that day, long  
ago, when the young trapper and his  
bride started off for the first hunt of

their married life. "For better, for  
worse, in sickness or health till death  
do us part," echoed the young brave  
and with stout heart he took up his  
burden. The traps must be tended,  
the Gi chie Manitou had sent him a  
helpless wife who needs be waited on  
day by day. Robuscan would combine  
the duties. So a pack was fashioned  
and the wife lifted on to the shoulders  
of her stout-hearted husband.

And for nineteen long years old Ro-  
buscan, as autumn painted its wizard  
picture of gold and deepest blue and  
the berries on the mountain ash hung  
like drops of coral, pushed off his  
canoe for the northern journey and  
all through the long winter, carried  
his crippled wife with him as he went  
the round of his traps. All the les-  
sons are not taught by the Christian  
to the pagan.





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# THE LAWYER AND THE RING

By HENRY KISTEMAECKERS

ATTORNEY Escartpoint, equally celebrated as a high liver and an excellent interpreter of the text of the law, was on his way to the little village of Cures, whither he had been summoned on account of a little question of boundaries, and was driving his automobile along right merrily. Attorney Escartpoint was happy and his remarkable abdomen, with its broad expanse, settled comfortably behind the guide-wheel, looked very impressive in the light of the summer sun. He was gliding along at thirty kilometers per hour and life seemed sweet indeed.

Then suddenly something appeared before him in the middle of the highway, and the something gave him the impression of a scarecrow with its outspread arms. Attorney Escartpoint applied the brake to his machine and brought it quickly to a standstill, feeling somewhat disconcerted at the apparition. Then he perceived that the obstacle was a mere tramp and concluded to proceed without further investigation, but in his excitement he turned on the power so brusquely that the motor became clogged and he found it impossible to realize his desire.

The tramp, in the meanwhile, was slowly and respectfully approaching the machine. He had every appearance of a desperate criminal, but his words were gentleness itself:

"Monsieur," said he, "I beg you to excuse this interruption of your ride. I only desire to talk to you for a couple of minutes. Allow me merely to offer you this ring for the modest sum of five francs."

He felt in his pocket and brought out a gold ring set with a magnificent solitaire. In his unsightly, filthy fingers the diamond glistened as brightly as a neighboring planet.

"Five francs. You will admit, monsieur, that I am giving it away, and yet I should consider it a great favor if you would purchase it from me at that ridiculous price. The fact is that the stone is absolutely unsalable for me. I stole it last night and you can easily understand that I should be arrested at once if I attempted to sell it in town. Besides the fact that the theft is probably reported, I am perfectly aware that my appearance is not suggestive of the man who may be expected to own such stones. I am therefore willing to dispose of the gem for the merest trifle. It has been a long time since I have worn rings, and I am hungry as a bear."

Attorney Escartpoint sat silent in his machine and the sparkle of the diamond began to cast a hypnotic influence over him.

"There is no use of my telling you," added the tramp, "that the possession of the ring does not offer the same difficulties for you as for me. There is no need of your selling it, and it would make a very pretty present for anyone. Five francs—is it a bargain?"

The respectable man of the law considered for a moment the legal phases of the situation, then he looked up and down the road, saw that it was deserted, extended his right arm and put his left into his pocket. After a moment he drew forth a little gold ten-franc piece and fumbled it excitedly between his fat fingers.

"It's a foolish piece of business, just the same, to pay ten francs for a thing offered you for five," he grumbled peevishly. Then, while he was hesitating, he heard the tramp whisper:

"Diable! There come the gendarmes!"

This remark brought him to himself, and turning round, he saw two gendarmes approaching at the slow trot of their powerful horses. He became red in the face, leaped from his seat to the road and, seizing the robber around the waist, pinned his arms to his sides:

"What is the matter with you?" asked the man.

"You'll see!" replied Escartpoint with heroic irony. Then turning toward the approaching gendarmes, he cried:

"Make haste! I can't hold him much longer! Let's have the handcuffs! I have caught a thief!"

When the little group consisting of Escartpoint, the two gendarmes and the handcuffed tramp reached Cures there was a great stir. At the gate of the town, the district judge, two other attorneys and all the prominent citizens had gathered for the boundary investigation and were impatiently awaiting the tardy Escartpoint. Naturally there was widespread astonishment, when they saw him arriving in triumph, driving his machine slowly to keep pace with the horses of the gendarmes, and the handcuffed prisoner was marched be-

tween them, apparently dejected and indifferent to everything.

Everyone was eager to hear the story but Escartpoint modestly made his explanation brief:

"While I was on my way here this fellow had the audacity to stop me and offer for sale a beautiful ring that he stole yesterday! Without hesitation I leaped upon him and after a short struggle succeeded in holding him until the gendarmes arrived. I am sorry, judge, that it has been my luck to bring you this additional trouble!"

Everyone had to shake hands with Escartpoint and congratulate him on his courage, then they all adjourned to the police station.

"It is an extraordinary piece of luck, judge, that you happened to be here," said the beaming hero. "Don't you think we might as well proceed immediately to a preliminary hearing?"

The judge agreed and gave orders for the solemn opening of the court. Then the accused thief spoke for the first time:

"I am perfectly willing to submit to a preliminary hearing at once," said he in his gentle voice, "but I do it on one condition, that all these gentlemen shall remain and allow me to know their names."

No one objected, for they were all eager to fathom the villainy of the criminal, and the police station is a patriarchal refuge where justice is denied to none. When, therefore, they were all seated, the accused began spontaneously:

"You are going to ask me my name and surname, my profession, residence and reasons for being here. I offer this bundle of documents to set all that forth and establish it beyond question. First, however, I desire to ask you, monsieur—here he turned toward Escartpoint—"why you had me arrested. Then I desire to ask you, messieurs"—and he now turned toward the gendarmes—"why you handcuffed me? Lastly, I call you to witness"—and he turned toward the auditors—"that I was arrested upon the complaint of monsieur, who threw himself upon me, by messieurs who put handcuffs on me, and that I have been shamefully led through the town in the attitude of the most dangerous criminal!"

"And what about the ring?" asked Attorney Escartpoint with a smile.

"What ring?" replied the tramp.

"The one that you stole!"

"Messieurs, you are all witnesses once more of the fact that this gentleman accuses me of having stolen a ring. Now, your honor, kindly consult my papers and you will learn that my name is Pierre Brezin, that I live at 30 Rue de Rivoli in Paris and that I am the representative of X & Co., manufacturers of imitation jewelry and precious stones. I am an excellent citizen, very highly esteemed by my business associates and respected throughout the neighborhood in which I live. I am now travelling for X & Co. with these articles," and he took from his pocket a handful of glittering rings and placed them on the table before him.

"These articles are very carefully manufactured and are in perfect imitation of the diamond at a price within the reach of any purse—five francs. I make a profit of two francs on each one, which, though not excessive, allows me to earn a hundred to a hundred and fifty francs a day. That is the sum and substance of the whole matter, your honor. I beg you now to release me, after taking cognizance of my complaint against this gentleman for libel and false arrest!"

He turned again to the audience and added:

"In asking your names a moment ago, messieurs, I desired to make sure that you would be present to

testify when the case is tried. My arrest was public and I wish now to call your attention to the exceptional humiliation to which I was subjected. You will kindly take note of these facts, as they will be the basis of the civil suit for damages which I intend to bring against this gentleman, who will then have an opportunity to defend himself."

"Why, monsieur! monsieur!" stammered Attorney Escartpoint, almost choking. "You know that you told me—"

"Yes, I know I told you several things," interrupted the pseudo-tramp. "I told you whatever it pleased me to tell you! Success in business nowadays is achieved only by rising to the level of the age. Now this is an age characterized by very curious ideas in respect to probity, and in order to make an easy market for my rings I am obliged to adapt myself to the moral standards of my customers. Therein lies the whole secret of my success. I now bid you good day, messieurs!"

And he walked haughtily past the officers of the law and out into the open air. — Translated from the French by Glanville Gill.

## Polpourri.

There are no birds in last year's nests adown the flood of years.

Maude Muller on a summer's day lay dying in Algiers.

Man wants but little here below thy cold gray rocks, O sea!

'Tis sweet to hear the watch-dog's bark across the sands of Dee.

At midnight in his guarded tent, when all but him had fled  
Lifeless but beautiful he lay, the bivouac of the dead.

Past Fontenoy, past Fontenoy, to hastening ills a prey,  
Under a spreading chestnut tree my fondest hopes decay.

She was a phantom of delight that man was made to mourn.  
The mill will never grind again; only five grains of corn!

Oh, come into the garden, Maude, and list unto me tell  
Of how Horatius kept the bridge when Kosciusko fell!

—Louisville Courier-Journal.

"So you don't share the general indignation toward the railways?" "No," answered Farmer Cornstossel; "I always felt that a locomotive was entitled to a great deal of credit for sticking to the track instead of snorting up and down the country roads like an automobile."—Washington Star.

Hannibal looked down at his personal mahout. "Do you tire of walking beside my elephant?" he asked. "Yes, good master, I do." "Then," said the general, "We will stop at the next garage and have a rumble seat prepared for you."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"This is a sad case," said the asylum attendant, pausing before a padded cell. "There is no hope for the patient whatever." "What's the trouble with him?" asked the visitor. "He thinks he understands a railroad time table."—Milwaukee Sentinel.

Green—I told my wife last week that it would be necessary for us to economize. Brown—What did she say? Green—She didn't say anything at the time, but the next day she bought me a box of bargain-counter cigars.—Chicago News.

Mother (to future son-in-law)—I may tell you that, though my daughter is well educated, she can not cook. Future Son-in-Law—That doesn't matter much, so long as she doesn't try.—Fliegende Blätter.

Mrs. Wigwag: How is your husband, Aunt Mandy? Aunt Mandy—porely, ma'am. He was gittin' along all right, but now de doctah done say he got de convalescence.—Philadelphia Record.



Old Coachman (exercising superseded carriage horses)—"Well, all I can say is, when the ladies went out with me, they used to take a pride in makin' themselves look nice; but when they goes out in that bloomin' thing, they looks like patients out of one of them eye and ear hospitals!"—Punch.

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## !?! POINTS ABOUT PEOPLE !?!

## Theatrical Criticism Out West.

THOSE who have travelled in the West find that the residents of the prairie towns get their meed of theatrical entertainment, but in a very unique and exceptional way. As in the Yiddish theatres of New York, they are given a little of everything on the same bill. Mr. Israel Zangwill has written an account of a Yiddish Hamlet in which Ophelia and Laertes did a cake walk together. Ophelia's mad scene was made the vehicle of the most outrageous buffoonery, and Hamlet substituted a comic song of the famous soliloquy. This production could almost be matched by a representation of "Ingomar" as seen in the West, given by a company partly recruited from Toronto and partly from Winnipeg. Two Toronto gentlemen happened to be at a small town when an old acquaintance who, it seems, had become an actor, greeted them and insisted that they come to see his show. They went, and it was a performance to be remembered. The serious members of the cast were mostly misfits. It will be recalled that the scene of the first act is ancient Gaul, and that a certain miser whose title one forgets figures largely in the piece. The man who played the miser was made up as the most gruesome, miserly miser that ever trod the boards. His general style was too much for a crowd of cowboys sitting in the gallery at the back of the hall.

"Let's rope him! one of them cried, and instantly a lasso swung out over the heads of the audience and struck the stage at the point where the miser had been standing. It did not touch him, however, for he had apparently been there before and had jumped for the wings at the first shout.

Thereafter, during the progress of the act, whenever he appeared, it was a dodging match between himself and the rope. The curtain went down and presently the pianist struck up a lively tune. The miser, still in the garb of ancient Gaul, appeared and sang George Munroe's song:

"There was none of your heighty, flighty girls,  
Your high-diddle-ivy girls  
When my old tuppenny bit  
Took me for a wife."

Thereafter he was the cowboys' friend, and his every appearance in the various roles which the process of "doubling" entailed, he was rapturously applauded.

## Another Throw of the Lasso.

THAT the western cowboy can use his rope as a critical force when he feels that he has grounds for legitimate criticism was shown in a one-ring circus at Calgary two or three years ago. The show had evidently been originally made up for the delectation of small towns in the East and in the Mississippi valley, and included as a feature a "daring exhibition of horsemanship by wild riders of the plains." Impressive in the East the management had overlooked the fact that the show was in a region where people knew the real thing. A crowd of cowboys had ridden into Calgary from the Bow River country to see the show and complacently chewed peanuts with their lariats at their feet until this feature was announced. They looked up with surprise and disgust at such amateurish work. As he came around the ring one of the lads cried: "Let's rope him!" and in a minute horse and rider were hopelessly entangled in the loops of various lariats.

The unfortunate rider was paraded in his shame up and down the main streets before his tormentors would let him go.

## Socialists in the British Columbia Legislature.

COMRADE HAWTHORNTWHAITE, the leader of the Socialists in the British Columbia Legislature, is one of those men who is never—as the phrase goes—at all backward about coming forward. This trait in his

character was well illustrated by a little incident occurring at the opening of the last session of the House.

The members had all—according to immemorial custom—spruced themselves up for the occasion, and to further heighten the festive effect, Mrs. Harry Helmcken, a well-known Victoria society woman, had prepared a nice little button hole bouquet for each one. The buttonholes consisted of carnations, red for the premier and his ministers and white for the common ruck of the members. They were handed to each representative as he entered the House, by a page, standing at the door.

All went smoothly until Mr. Hawthornthwaite arrived and the page, recognizing the illustrious demagogue as one of those who does not write Hon. before his name, proceeded to hand him out a white carnation.

Mr. Hawthornthwaite regarded the white flower with a glassy eye. To be classed among the common herd irked his proud spirit. Besides was not red the Socialist color? What had he to do with white, the color of purity—of humility! With characteristic speed he made up his mind. There was a quick snatch, and before the startled page quite knew what had happened, Mr. Hawthornthwaite was fleeing up the stairs, pinning a red carnation to his coat.

And that was how it came to pass that when the House was opened with all due pomp and ceremony Hon. Mr. Fulton was the only one among the ministers who appeared ungarlanded. And Mr. Hawthornthwaite, flanked on either side by a trusty henchman, smiled as he spread himself in his chair, that all might see the color of his party upon his manly breast.

It was on this same occasion that Mr. Hawthornthwaite and the two other Socialists who keep him company in the House refused to rise on the entry of Lieutenant-Governor Dunsmuir, when he came to perform the official act of opening the Parliament.

## How Cecil Rhodes got Even with Kipling.

KIPLING'S recent visit to Toronto recalls an old story of him that once amused the London clubs and which was cabled to Canada at the time. It is a story of a trick he played on the late Cecil Rhodes and the way Rhodes more than got even. It may not have been a true story—lots of the best ones are not—but it is as true as when first told.

Kipling and Rhodes were fellow passengers on a Cape railway train bound toward Kimberley. Up to the moment of departure from Cape Town Rhodes had been busy sending despatches, and it fell to the lot of the poet to book their seat and berths. The author is a man of boyish build; the empire builder is a ponderous man and has a decided aversion to sleeping in a top berth. Knowing this the poet determined to have fun at the expense of the man of destiny. When that night the ex-premier found that he had been assigned to an upper berth his rage was great. He pleaded with the agile Kipling to exchange with him, but the poet, with a sardonic smile, assured Rhodes that he could not think of exalting himself above so mighty an imperialist, and so the bulky statesman had to climb laboriously to bed.

After midnight the train stopped at a small station on the desolate karroo and the wife of a colonial officer got aboard. When she discovered that, notwithstanding her telegram, no reservation had been made for her, she lifted up her voice in a loud protest. The commotion awakened Rhodes, who thrust his head out between the curtains and demanded to know the cause of the disturbance.

"I am the wife of Colonel —," she exclaimed, "and although I wired for a berth none has been saved for me."  
"That's all right," thundered the Colossus, "my little boy is occupying the berth just below mine; turn in there with him."

The lady was appeased and proceeded to take advantage of the offer. Presently there was an insurrection in the lower berth.

"Now don't cry and make a fuss," the lady was heard to say, "your father told me I might sleep here."

"Madam," gasped the author of "The Jungle Book," "do you know who I am?"

"You are the little son of the gentleman in the upper berth, are you not?" faltered the now startled woman, peering into the dark compartment.

"Nothing of the sort," roared the poet, "I am Mr. Rudyard —."

Before he could confess further the frightened woman fled to another car. The upper berth shook with convulsive appreciation as the poet, with a mingling vocabulary of several tongues, berated the South African statesman.

"Ring off on the cuss words and swear," exclaimed Rhodes from his altitude of mirth, "and give us something about a rag and a bone and a hank of hair."

But with picturesque wrath Kipling stuck to his impromptu programme.

## He Won by a Nose.

AT the Woodbridge Fair there was of course some "speeding in the ring," a form of contest that may be described as a Methodist horse race. Some good races were pulled off.

One of the trotters was driven by a man with a notable nose—a nose so large and distinguished that it attracted general observation. In a very close heat the horse driven by this man won by a very few inches, and after the excitement had died down, there was silence while the judge announced that he had "won by a nose."

"Which nose—his or the horse's?" enquired a wag in the crowd, and the blushing horseman drove his steed to shelter amid a storm of laughter.

## Longboat of the Irish Canadians.

A GENTLEMAN walking along one of the down town streets recently chanced to observe a large number of rich trophies placarded as the season's winnings of the recently formed Irish Canadian Athletic Club. Examining the names engraved on the various objects of art with some care he observed that the name of Thomas Longboat, the famous long distance runner, adorned the majority of them. This was puzzling to him, for he was a gentleman who believed what he saw in the newspapers, and he had certainly seen it in print that Thomas Longboat was a full blooded Onondaga Indian from Haldimand county. He had also seen the runner and had found him indubitably copper-colored so far as complexion went. He therefore sought out Mr. D'Arcy Hinds, of Osgoode Hall, one of

the moving spirits of the Irish Canadian Athletic Club, and an officer of the Gaelic League.

"Hinds," he remarked, "that champion of yours, Tom Longboat, is a star, but I'm blessed if I'd have taken him for an Irishman."

"Oh, that's all right," said the resourceful D'Arcy, "I'm turning him into one. I'm teaching him the Irish language and he already speaks quite fluently. The trouble is that when he gets off some pet phrases he is credited with speaking Cree or Objibway. 'But he's properly placed anyway. Just consider the number of Irishmen that are 'Indians.'"

## Hunting out Historical Records.

DR. JAMES HANNEY, formerly a leading journalist of New Brunswick, and now connected with the archives department at Ottawa, has spent the last two months in Winnipeg and Regina, going through the official records securing materials to be filed at Ottawa for the convenience of students of Canadian history. He reports that he has made copies of many documents which will prove valuable, including the diary of John Warren Dease, officer of the Hudson's Bay Company in 1829, and a diary of Samuel Taylor, an employee of the same company at Moose Factory from 1849-56, and at Fort Garry from 1859-66.

Dr. Hanney is now going through the interesting record of the Mounted Police at Regina, and will pursue his work at Calgary, Edmonton, Vancouver and Victoria. It is an excellent work and in good hands.

## Our Remarkably Clear Air.

AN Australian and his wife were stopping at the King Edward Hotel last week, and the husband made acquaintance with a Canadian from the great western wheat belt who was a guest at the same hotel. One evening they strolled down to the lake front and suddenly came in view of Toronto Island with its flashing electric lights.

"What place is that?" asked the visitor from the land of the kangaroo.

"That," explained the man from the granary of the Empire, "is Hamilton. The only place of any size you can see from Toronto is Hamilton."

"It seems very close."

"Doesn't it! Yet it's forty miles from here to Hamilton. It's the clear air that does it. All travellers who come to Canada marvel at the clearness of the air and the long distances over which the eye can range. But I never saw a better proof of it than this."

"It's marvellous, that's what it is!" burst out the Australian. "I must go up to the hotel and bring my wife down to see this." They hurried away.

Next morning the man from the West was down to the lake front and "discovered" the Island lying off shore. Then he understood. But it was too late to explain. The Australian had started for home. If a book appears presently containing wonderful statements about the clearness of the Canadian atmosphere the reader will know the why and wherefore.

## Two Good Stories of William Whyte.

WILLIAM WHYTE, second vice-president of the Canadian Pacific Railway and the greatest railroader of the great West, is typical of western growth in that he has that saving sense of humor which has saved many a man who lived in the prairie country. No man knows every part of the West as well as William Whyte and there was a time not so many years ago that he held a humbler position than that of third in control of the great railway.

Mr. Whyte is one of the most approachable men that journalists ever meet and is a staunch friend of all the Winnipeg reporters. All who have gone to him for news or information when assigned to railway duty are treated well, but he does not like to be bothered with trivial affairs. No reporter who knows him approaches the busy man in his office unless he has something important to ask. Young reporters, however, are bound to make mistakes, as a bright young reporter on a Winnipeg daily made a few years ago. He was assigned to the railway work and in the course of his work dropped into the various offices to inquire of the clerks if "anything was doing." Not having a realization of Mr. Whyte personally, nor of his position, he made his way to the second vice-president's office by getting through his secretary's office, while the latter was busy.

Stepping up before the big greyheaded Scotchman, he said, "Anything fresh this morning, Mr. Whyte?"

This was something new in the way of a salute, but William Whyte understood the situation in an instant, and there was a bit of a twinkle in his eye as he replied, "Nothing that I see, except you, young man!"

Mr. Whyte was making a tour of inspection over the western lines a couple of years ago and stopped at a little station and went up to the operator and asked, "Have you any telegrams for me?"

The operator looked him over, not knowing who he was speaking to and said in a sarcastic tone, "Did you think your picture would be on it?"

"My name is William Whyte," came the quiet response which nearly knocked the operator from his chair and sent him hustling for the despatch.

## The Useful Career of Major Mulvey.

THE city of Winnipeg has just said good-bye with much regret to a pioneer and a most useful and influential citizen—Major Stewart Mulvey, who has gone to make his home in the new city of North Vancouver, which stands on an eminence overlooking Burrard Inlet and older Vancouver. To glance over his career is well worth while, not only because of the interest which attaches to the story of a busy man's life, but on account of the picture it presents of the West as it was a generation ago in contrast to the West of to-day.

Major Mulvey was born in the county of Sligo, Ireland, in the same neighborhood which was the birthplace of Hon. Clarke Wallace, Mr. Thomas Sharpe, ex-Mayor of Winnipeg, and others with whom Mr. Mulvey was brought into close relations in Canada. He was a student at the Normal School in Dublin when Dr. Egerton Ryerson visited Ireland, entrusted with the commission of reporting upon a system of education for Ontario. Dr. Ryerson was impressed with the natural gifts of young Mulvey, and he asked him to come to Canada as a well-trained teacher thoroughly acquainted with the Irish national system of education. The invitation was accepted, and in 1856 Mr. Mulvey, then twenty-one years of

age, came to this country. Dr. Ryerson offered him a clerkship in the education office in Toronto, but, preferring the work of a practical teacher, he declined this position and joined the staff of the Central school at Hamilton. Afterwards for fourteen years he taught in various schools in Ontario, for some time editing a newspaper as well. While in Haldimand county he joined the militia and became a lieutenant.

When the Red River expedition was organized Mr. Mulvey was offered a commission in the force, and went from Toronto with No. 4 company of the First Ontario Rifles, of which Daniel H. McMillan, the present Lieutenant-Governor of Manitoba, was captain. They started for the Red River on May 14, 1870. Reaching Sault Ste. Marie, they were detained six weeks because the United States Government refused their passage through the canal. However, Sir John A. Macdonald's government, then in power, had foreseen the probability of such a difficulty, arising from hostile feeling over the Mason and Slidell affair, and had sent the steamer Algoma into Lake Superior. So the expedition went on. Arriving at Prince Arthur's Landing, now Port Arthur, about the middle of July, they made the road from there to Shebandowan, forty-six miles away, and marched through the rough, unbroken country to Winnipeg, arriving there about three months and a half after leaving Toronto.

The troops were stationed at Fort Garry until 1871, when they were disbanded, but Mr. Mulvey remained in Winnipeg. He edited a newspaper there, The Liberal. This name did not stand for a political party in those days, however, Mr. Mulvey being a Conservative, and later an Independent. Afterwards he was appointed organizer of the Inland Revenue Department, his jurisdiction extending from Lake Superior to the Rocky Mountains. Aside from his official duties he devoted much time to educational matters. He became a member of the Provincial Board of Education, and helped to draft the first Education Act for Manitoba. Afterwards he was always consulted regarding new school acts or amendments thereto. Major Mulvey was at the head of many important movements in Winnipeg. He raised the first militia corps there; he delivered the first public lecture, he was one of the first organizers of the General Hospital, was the first Sunday school superintendent, the first acting superintendent of education, the first master of an Orange lodge west of Owen Sound, and a prime mover in the establishment of many of the city's educational and benevolent institutions. He was largely instrumental in having a handsome civic appropriation made for educational purposes, which now amounts to one-fifth of the taxes levied. During his residence in Winnipeg, Major Mulvey saw the city's population grow from 215 to 120,000, and the school population increase from 35 children to 18,000.

## The Intricacies of Banking.

A STORY comes from Woodstock which is valuable as well as interesting at the present time, because it outlines a very simple plan of getting money from a bank which has none. According to The Sentinel-Review a Woodstock merchant called at his bank the other day for the purpose of borrowing \$1,500 on his own "paper." He had often obtained loans there in that way before. However, it is well known that managers of branch banks have instructions just now to cut their loans down as fine as possible; so the merchant was told, after some hesitation, that he would have to have his note endorsed before it would be taken up. The manager suggested a couple of names, either of which he said would be acceptable. To his surprise the customer soon returned with his note endorsed by both the men mentioned. Then the manager acknowledged that he could not loan the money, no matter how many endorsers there were on the note, as the bank did not have any funds to spare.

The customer retired and related his experience to one of the endorsers, who, as it happened, had a considerable sum on deposit in the bank. The latter was annoyed. "Come on over to the bank with me," he said. There he wrote out a cheque for \$1,500, had it marked, handed it to the merchant and took the note himself. And now the banker is trying to figure out how his institution profited by the refusal of the loan.

## When Kipling was in Vancouver.

WHILE in Vancouver in the course of his recent tour of the western part of the Dominion Rudyard Kipling proved himself to be the possessor of a ready wit, and incidentally added yet one more to the stock of anecdotes concerning himself now going the rounds.

It was at the banquet given by the Canadian Club of Vancouver in honor of the famous author, and the chairman was introducing the distinguished guest to the assembly. The chairman was somewhat green to his job and, consequently, nervous.

"Our admiration for Mr. Kipling," he remarked, "has—er—we—er—that is to say—we have all for a long time smouldered with admiration."

Then Mr. Kipling arose amidst enthusiastic cheers. "Ladies and fellow subjects," he began, with a fine sense of the distinction, "thank you for smouldering."

Then the roof timbers threatened to start, and the blushing chairman wildly endeavored to hide himself behind the table decorations.

## Where the Policeman's Sympathy Would be.

THE other day a fine looking young woman walked into a local lawyer's office and announced that she wanted some advice on a serious matter. It appeared that she had been boarding in Toronto while her husband was employed in the wilds in some important capacity. She desired to change her quarters and it was the old story of the landlady putting in a claim for money she was not entitled to before she would permit her lodger to remove her belongings. The amount was not large enough to go to law about, yet the young lady did not want to be robbed, nor did she wish to remain in such uncomfortable quarters.

"Well, pack your trunk, go and get a strong expressman and have him remove it by force. Will there be anybody to stop him?"

"No!" said the young woman, "but she'll send out and get a policeman. It will make a scene and when my husband hears of it he'll be very angry."

"Why not go and fix the policeman beforehand?"

"Do you think I could do that?"

"I don't know. How old is the landlady?" said the lawyer.

"About forty-five," was the reply.

"And you, what might your age be, if it's a fair question?"

"I'm twenty-two."

The lawyer looked at her with mock solemnity.

"Yes, I think the policeman would take your side," was the reply.





# Prince Fushimi

His Trip Across Canada and the Futile Efforts That Were Made to Get Canadians to Behave—Violations of Taste That Would Have Broken Major Maude's Heart

IT is now some months since the visit of Prince Fushimi to this country took place; but there were so many amusing occurrences on that famous journey that it is still a frequent topic of conversation. Especially is this the case in the West, where most of the fun occurred, and where men seldom sit down to take their ease in clubland without some reference being made to the passing of that Oriental dignitary, who had the exquisite tact to associate in the Order of the Rising Sun, Sir Montague Allan and Earl Grey's coachman, and in that of the Sacred Treasure, Sir Thomas Shaughnessy and Martin, a C.P.R. colored porter.

Not the least amusing feature of the whole affair was the extreme respect, amounting almost to veneration, displayed towards his Japanese highness by Mr. W. R. Baker, master of ceremonies for the C.P.R., and Mr. Joseph Pope, who fills the same position for the Dominion Government, both of whom had charge of the Prince on his trip across continent. "He is a little god in his own country," these gentlemen were in the habit of exclaiming to their awe-struck subordinates, and they treated him throughout the trip as though he were a being from a higher world. Here are some of the stories told of the amusing results of this transcendent respect on their part, a respect which was by no means entirely shared in by a large number of sturdy, democratic westerners, who saw in Prince Fushimi a guest to be honored, but not a god to be worshipped. Kowtowing and salaaming were never much in favor west of the Great Lakes, and it is an unceremonious breed that people the plains.

When the party got to Winnipeg a dinner was given by the Manitoba Club in honor of the Prince. As this is one of the most influential organizations of the kind in the West, it is needless to say that everything which good taste and generous hospitality could suggest was done to make the affair a success. Nevertheless, Messrs. Baker and Pope had been commissioned to look after the distinguished tourist, and desired to see for themselves that the comfort and dignity of their royal charge were cared for without omission or flaw. They went into the dining-room of the club about half an hour before the time for the dinner, and suggested certain changes which they declared to be necessary. The Prince should have such a kind of seat, facing in such a direction, and he could eat only such and such foods, and drink only such and such wines. So many were the solicitous recommendations that finally the president of the club, who accompanied them, concluded to draw the line. He is a big man, this President McDermott, and he talks impressively.

"Gentlemen," he said, "let me remind you that at present the Prince is the guest of this club. As such he will be treated like any other guest, which means that he will get the best we have and will be made as comfortable as we can possibly make him. At the same time the club will treat him in its own way, and manage all the details."

The club treated him in its own way, and the most amusing part of the whole affair was that the Prince had the best time of the whole trip, according to the testimony of his attendants. He sat alongside President McDermott, who saw to it that his glass was never empty, and after he had put away a few Scotch and sodas he became extremely sociable. Messrs. Baker and Pope shuddered when they saw such plebeian liquor as Scotch being offered to a descendant of the emperors; but the Prince himself warmed up to such an extent that he made a speech of half an hour in strenuous Japanese and banged the table and waved his arm right manfully, at which the brawny sons of the plains shouted "Banzai!" though they didn't understand a word, and everybody had a whale of a time.

At Banff there was some more agony for the masters of ceremonies. When they arrived at the big C.P.R. hotel there, the Prince was met by the manager, Mr. Frank Danford, a down east New Englander, with a glad hand and a fine Yankee drawl. He met them at the door and grabbed his highness by the hand, while Messrs. Baker and Pope shuddered at the desecration.

"Wal, Prince, I swan I am pertikler glad tew see yee," is said to have been his cheerful salutation, "and I dew hope as yee air feelin' slick."

This was awful! Messrs. Baker and Pope immediately telegraphed to the other hotels of the company that on no account must the manager address His Highness. He must stand at the door on the arrival of the party, and must wear a frock coat and top-hat; but all he was allowed to do was to make a respectful bow.

To signalize the arrival of His Highness at Vancouver the story goes that a big reception was ordered. All the leading officials of the C.P.R. in that city were to attend, and in order that there should be no mistake about the costuming, careful directions were forwarded. Everybody was to wear a frock and top-hat, and everybody was to smile in a special way and say special words and act in a very special manner. The result might easily be foreseen by anyone who knows anything about the objection of the average westerner to conventional clothes and conventional behavior. There were no less than seven or eight resignations handed in by officials of the C.P.R., who declared their intention to leave the employ of the road rather than take such orders from anyone. Naturally the matter was not pressed any further and those who went to the reception dressed to suit themselves.

A visit was paid to Lieutenant-Governor Dunsmuir at his beautiful home on Vancouver Island. He received the party with his wonted hospitality and showed them over his grounds. The day was a rather warm one, and as they strolled about the Governor became heated. He did what men naturally do in some latitudes under such circumstances, and took off his coat. Good heavens! In the presence of the Prince!

The party went up to Field to enjoy the beautiful scenery of that place, and orders were given that a fine dinner should be prepared there. It was. They have a staff of Chinese servants in the hotel, and they are a wonderfully efficient lot; but like most people who understand their business, they are a little sensitive about orders from outsiders. Those who tell the story say that "the managers" of the party in their anxiety to have everything right, spoiled all and got nothing. They entered the dining-room. This would have to be changed, these decorations were in bad taste, the Prince would not like this, and so on for a dozen or more items. The Chinamen had worked hard to have things in good shape, and this

annoyed them. They showed it unequivocally. A few words were jabbered in good Chinese, and then they all turned like one man and made for the kitchen where they started to hold a Chinese pow-wow which you could hear on the adjacent snow-capped peaks. The manager rushed in at the noise, found out what was wrong, and then came to Messrs. Baker and Pope.

"Now you have done it!" he said.

"Done what?" they asked in utter astonishment.

"No dinner here to-day!"

"Why not, in heaven's name?"

"The Chinamen have gone on strike and we have neither cooks nor waiters. It will take about three or four hours palavering before I can get them smoothed down, and in the meantime you will be without dinner."

It was even so. Talk was no use. What dinner the Prince had, he had to take on the car, and the China boys were revenged.

No doubt it is no slouch of a job to treat a Prince as he should be treated, and to exact for him from a raw and uncultivated prairie and mountain people that deference that would be fitting. Major Maude did what he could for Canada, but he imparted to us only a surface civilization at best.

## Ballade of the Journey's End.

THOSE far fair lands our feet have trod—

The journey that was never done—

The dreams that followed us golden shod—

All mad adventure 'neath the sun—

Ships in the trough of a waste sea spun—

The treasures of outlawed kings—

And the white walls of Babylon—

Ah! woe is me for all these things!

Your staff and scrip are laid aside

And all my golden minstrelsy;

We sail no more at the turn of the tide

In a captured vessel out to sea.

Oh! fallen and sick and tired are we!

Sleek cloth about us twines and clings,

And where is the sword that should set us free?—

Ah! woe is me for all these things!

The street lamps in a dreary line

Gaze through the dusk with venomous eyes.

We stir the fire and pour the wine,

For we have done with enterprise.

The anxious town about us lies;

Another song the shrill wind sings

Than that which startled the morning skies—

Ah! woe is me for all these things!

## Envoi.

A sudden gust and a rattle of rain,

And a thought which leaps in the heart and stings.

Draw the curtains close round the window pane!—

Ah! woe is me for all these things!

—Margaret Sackville in The Spectator.

THE Free Press, of Winnipeg, makes interesting reference to the growth of hybrid newspapers in the West. The foreign element is strong in Manitoba and the new provinces, and as many of the newcomers cannot as yet read English, newspapers are springing up in various places, printed partially in English and partially in some other tongue. The Forget Mail is a Saskatchewan weekly printed in both French and English. At Sifton, Manitoba, The News has a section printed in English and one in Ruthenian. The Mail, of Camrose, Alberta, is printed partly in English and partly in Scandinavian. So the list grows. It illustrates an interesting phase of the cosmopolitan life of the West. Hybrid journalism will grow and flourish for a while there, but it is only a question of time when all the residents of Western Canada will speak and read the English tongue.

The announced policy of the Canadian Post Office Department to extend the free letter delivery system to the smaller cities and large towns of the Dominion has been carried out by adding, this summer, Berlin, Brantford, Peterborough, Stratford, Calgary and Edmonton to the list of places which already had free delivery. Charlotte-town, Guelph and Windsor will shortly be given free delivery.

On Wednesday of this week the new steel steamer, Collingwood, was launched at the Collingwood Shipbuilding Company's docks. The ship is 406 ft. long, 28 ft. deep and has 50 ft. beam. She will leave Collingwood on her first trip on November 9, for a cargo of wheat from Fort William to Georgian Bay ports.

The Pilgrim Fathers (says the Sheffield Daily Telegraph) turned the little Mayflower into a sanctuary; we set up a theatre on our levitiaries. The contrast is typical of the seventeenth and twentieth centuries; and it shows how we have travelled in 280 years.

It is rumored, says Punch, that the Republic of Switzerland and two of the Balkan States are about to signify formal acceptance of the British proposals as to the exchange of naval secrets.

The total immigration into Canada from April to August, inclusive, was over 174,647, there being a large increase in the number of British immigrants.



At the home of Mr. Walter Seldon on Howard street there is an annual event in the shape of a Halloween photograph. The children have a fine backyardful of pumpkins and other harvest emblems, of which they are very proud, and they look to Mr. Seldon, who is an enthusiast in photography, to fix up something that can be handed down the ages in commemoration of their success with big pile filters. This year's composition, shown above, was arranged to fitly celebrate the double occasion of Thanksgiving Day and Halloween.

# Who's Who Out West

AMONG the members of Parliament who flashed into prominence last session must be counted Dr. Wilbert McIntyre, M.P. for Strathcona, Alberta. It was his motion in the House which made it obligatory on the part of Canadian railways to carry passengers at a 3-cent per mile rate, or in event of not doing so, to show cause to the Railway Commission why they should charge a higher fare. While W. F. Maclean, of South York, was urging vehemently the justice of a 2-cent rate Dr. McIntyre pressed in and secured what practical advantage there was to be had at the present time. Without fuss, without spectacularism, he put forward a motion which commended itself so unreservedly to the sense of the House, that it passed practically without opposition. The concrete result of this motion has been a lowering of passenger rates all over the Dominion. It is particularly noticeable in the West, with its wildly scattered points of communication.

But although Dr. McIntyre's name is especially linked with this measure, he is no mere political rushlight flaming for an instant only to disappear. Dr. McIntyre is one of the strongest members the Canadian West sends to Ottawa. His career in public life, short though it has been, warrants this statement. Beginning as secretary of the Strathcona Liberal Association, he held the position three years, and assisted in the federal campaign of 1904 and the provincial elections of 1905. On April 5, 1906, he was elected to the House of Commons on the elevation of Peter Talbot to the Senate. The same year he was president of the Strathcona Board of Trade, but resigned on his election to Parliament. He was also president of the Northern Alberta Medical Association for the first half year, 1906. In this capacity he took an active part in framing the draft bill presented by the association to the Provincial Government on which the Alberta Medical Act was drawn.

In the House of Commons his maiden speech was in favor of the present homestead regulations. He pleaded then that the proxy privilege he extended to members of the same family.

This has since been granted. He was instrumental largely in securing the name "Alberta Red" for the fall wheat grown in Southern Alberta. This was in opposition to members from other provinces who claimed the name should be "Western Canada Winter Wheat." He also served on two committees, the redistribution committee to define boundaries of new constituencies in Alberta and Saskatchewan, and the special committee to enquire into the cause of the increased price of lumber. It is on the report of this latter committee that Attorney-General Cross, of Alberta, has been prosecuting the retail lumber dealers of the province as combiners.

His most brilliant performance, however, was undoubtedly his reply last session to Mr. Henri Bourassa's attack on the immigration policy of the Government. Dr. McIntyre spoke with a complete knowledge of his subject and with a grasp and sincerity which carried conviction and won applause. For once the brilliant grandson of Papineau met an opponent who accepted no quarter and gave none, and met arguments of a racial nature with crushing directness. As an interesting sidelight on the debate it is a fact that Mr. Bourassa's speech circulated in Quebec as campaign literature for the nationalistic cause. In the West it also circulated, but it is bound in with Dr. McIntyre's reply, and there the pamphlet does duty for the Liberal party.

THE Canadian Rational Sunday League. SIXTEEN prominent people in Toronto and elsewhere have been elected vice-presidents in the Rational Sunday League, and considerable printed matter has been prepared by the secretary, Chevalier J. Enoch Thompson, K.C.L., the Spanish Consul at Toronto. The opinion of those founding this organization is that some defence must be made against those who are striving to bring the country under the blue laws of a past age, and employ the revenues of the different provinces in carrying on religious persecutions—enforcing religious prejudices on persons unwilling to accept them.

In a letter just issued by the secretary of the League to its members, attention is called to some recent expressions of opinion by Rev. Robert W. Patterson (Presbyterian) of Philadelphia, in addressing a meeting of clergymen. "If I had my way about it," he is reported as saying, "I would have an executioner called-in to deal with all heretics and blasphemers. Burning at the stake would be too good for those who revile religion and take the Lord's name in vain. The growth of heresy is such to-day that nothing but measures such as this can stop it."

Burning at the stake as a means of enforcing church rule was tried in its day and proved a failure. The fact that men can talk like this and act as such men will in furthering their views, necessitates such a League as that formed in Toronto. If men go too far in one direction, other men must arise and crowd them back. It is undoubtedly true that extremists are going to such lengths in prosecuting and persecuting that they are causing many people to withdraw sympathy from their cause. There is a general tendency to revolt against, for instance, a "morality crusade" which takes the view that a man who will take a snap-shot with his camera on an early Sunday morning walk "ought to be in jail."

When men with such views, and full of a determination to inflict them on others, get control of public revenues and get command of the police, a Rational Sunday League should find no difficulty in enrolling a large and influential membership.

The Old Curiosity Show is one of a trio of fakes in London which have made a lot of money out of foreigners, Americans chiefly, through their claim to ancient lineage and historical associations. The Cheshire Cheese in Fleet street, where you can see Dr. Johnson's alleged favorite chair and the smudge on the wall, head high, supposed to have been left by his greasy wig, and the barber shop at 17 Fleet street, said to have formerly been the palace of Henry VIII. and Cardinal Wolsey, are the other two of this interesting trio.



Hallow'een  
Portrait of a Toronto Girl.

## Why do Canadians Excel as Oarsmen?

SINCE Canadian oarsmen first crossed the border to compete in American regattas they have had a unique record of victories to their credit. Year after year they go over and pick the plums out of the scullers' pie with great regularity, and this has been the cause of much mental perturbation and soul-searching among American watermen. Everyone is trying to figure out the "why" of it, but to date, they haven't made a very good fist of it.

In a recent issue the editor of Recreation, New York, has a few thoughts on the subject. It can be seen that he doesn't consider his pronouncement the last word on the subject by any means, but it makes good reading, and may encourage Canadian scullers to keep up the good work. Here is what he says:

The National Association regatta at Philadelphia emphasized the seemingly vain prospect of our beating the Canadians at their favorite recreation, rowing. In the New York Athletic Club's senior eight-oared shell crew we had what was supposed to be the fastest boat of years in non-college circles. For some days before the regatta on the Schuylkill river it was common gossip about Travers Island, and verified by officers of the organization, that the crew in question had rowed the National distance of 1½ miles inside record time and it also was said that the eight was superior to the Chippie crew on whose deeds of athletic valor the Mercury Foot has built much of its aquatic reputation. This year's crew was so capable to the minds of so many members of the club that it was suggested a trip to Henley in search of the Grand Challenge Cup might be the reward of the eight's winning on the Schuylkill. Few adherents of the club expressed the belief that the crew of the Argonaut Rowing Club, of Toronto, would defeat the New York eight. But it did and in hollow style. So did the Potomac crew of Washington, a result that caused a bigger surprise even than the victory of the Argonauts. So sanguine was the New York crew that it would win that it is amazing that only a few Harlem river oarsmen were carried away in the vortex of that awful muscular contagion—over confidence. It was conceded by these outsiders, free from the influence of club partisanship, that the Travers Island delegation was fairly fast, but profiting, perhaps, by the unsentimental experience of burned fingers, there seemed to be a strong presentiment that somehow or other the Canadians would win. Since then the discussion as to how the "Kanucks" manage to win eight times out of every ten in rowing races, has become general among oarsmen on this side of the border. Appeals to the experts for an explanation of the failure of American crews to outpull their brethren of Canada have been answered in a desultory and unsatisfactory way. One waterman gave it as his opinion that "the Canadians do not train on feather beds and bon bons and each oarsman knows how to rig his own boat," an imputation, more or less true, that the Yankee blade is a dilettante. But it is still a puzzle why the Canadians best us with the sweeps and punts and equally singular is it that the Canadians do not row nearly so fast at Henley as they do when on this continent. The most plausible theory for the defeat of the New York crew for instance is that the eight was greatly over estimated, especially in its own territory.

NEW WESTMINSTER will probably celebrate next year the hundredth anniversary of the discovery of the Fraser River by Simon Fraser, whose daughter died in Toronto at an advanced age only a couple of months ago. At the same time it is proposed to celebrate the semi-centennial of the founding of the city of New Westminster.

A patent has been taken out in Germany on glass telegraph poles by an architect named Wilhelm Schutz. The imperial postal authorities are about to make experiments with these poles, to determine whether they will stand the stress of wind and weather. Preliminary trials have evidently convinced capitalists that such is the case, inasmuch as a company with a capital of half a million marks has already been formed for exploiting the patent. If such poles are profitable in a country with abundant forests like Germany, it is expected that they will be doubly welcomed in France, Italy, Belgium, and other regions where wood is scarce, as well as in tropical countries, where wooden poles are soon destroyed by insects.

Pedro Alvarado, the "Mexican Croesus," who wanted to pay the Mexican national debt, has himself run into debt, and has had to lease his mining property for fifteen years to an American syndicate. The members of the latter figure on taking out \$4,000,000 a year, of which Alvarado is to have fifty-five per cent. Alvarado, who was formerly a poor peon, has thrown away hundreds of thousands of dollars foolishly, and has distributed \$10,000,000 among the poor of the province of Chihuahua. The great mine was bought many years ago, when undeveloped, for \$100, by Alvarado's father, who was never able to get together enough money to work it, even in a small way.



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## IN THE FAR NORTHWEST

Men Who Are Making Long Journeys  
and Blazing New Paths Through Little  
Known Regions of Canada

**A. L. MCKINNEY**, the discoverer of the famous Cariboo-McKinney gold mine, in British Columbia, which yielded nearly \$2,000,000 is now dying, penniless, at Addy, Washington. It was in the spring of 1887 that McKinney, along with Fred Rice and Edward Lefevre, afterwards known among Boundary prospectors as "old Frenchy," left Colville. Passing Rock Creek they found Charlie Dietz and others placer mining on White Bar, on the north fork of Rock Creek. They stayed for a while at Diez's placer camp and from there started to look over the ridge of country lying between the two forks. Pushing on toward "Old Baldy," their shins scraped with the crust on the snow, for it was a late spring, they came on May 27, 1887, upon an open bare spot overlooking a little stream which was flowing southward toward the south fork of Rock Creek, into which it emptied after making several windings toward the east. On this bare knoll they found quartz outcrop decomposed in which the gold was plainly seen in abundance, there being no necessity for planning to find it, although they did gather up some of the more decomposed matter and panned it in the stream near by, getting not colors but a little long ridge of gold that they could gather into heaps with their thumb nails on the bottom rim of the pan.

This claim they located in the name of McKinney and Rice. Burnham complained bitterly that he was not let in on the Cariboo, or as McKinney put it, "he cried." Then they told him to put stakes on the ground to the east. This wouldn't satisfy him, until McKinney took him over to it and showed him the gold in it. They gathered a panful, and the decomposed quartz was like white ashes. They took this down to the creek and panned it out, getting \$2.50 worth of gold in the one pan. This ground was also staked north and south 1,500 feet, but by getting the posts too near the Cariboo centre line they only got a width of 500 feet or a little less. This claim was called the Amelia, and was in the name of Burnham and Lefevre. The camp they called McKinney, and the creek Rice Creek.

Next year McKinney let his interest go for about \$7,000, being unable to operate it. One of the purchasers named Monaghan, from Spokane, made \$400,000 out of the mine.

Fortune knocked only once at McKinney's door. The hope that springs eternal in the human breast, however, stayed with him and took him in the Hope Mountains to make another stake. His strength failed him, and he would have died alone in the mountains had he not been found and brought in.

**D. MCINNIS**, C. E. Taylor and F. D. Macfie, returned to Edmonton the other day from a trip to the mountains west of that city. They have been absent for some time on a prospecting trip at the sources of the Pembina, McLeod and Brazeeau rivers. While in that district they discovered a large area of good bituminous coal, sufficient spruce and water supply to justify the establishment of a pulp mill, an extensive marl deposit and large quantities of aluminum clay for the manufacture of aluminum.

The country has splendid commercial possibilities, and the local men who own part of this district intend to develop it as soon as the G. T. P. taps the country. The party brought down reports of great hardships among the survey and prospecting parties in the mountains.

The trails were so bad that food supplies gave out before they finished their work and several parties were forced to subsist on horse flesh. A stranger travelled part of the way down the mountains with them and he said that starvation had forced his party to disband. He had been eating horse flesh for several days until he fell in with Mr. Taylor's party.

**A**MONG the notes on this page last week was one concerning an interview regarding conditions in the North with Mr. Osborne, editor of the Fort Francis Times, which was recently published in various papers in the West. In it he was made to say that cannibalism is known to a considerable extent among the Indians of the North. Mr. Osborne, however, writes to Col. Fred White, of Ottawa, Comptroller of the Royal Northwest Mounted Police, denying the report, which he believes origin-

ated in a New York newspaper. Colonel White wrote to Mr. Osborne a few days ago asking for an explanation of the published interview with him to the effect that cannibalism and other atrocities were prevalent among the Indians of the Keewatin district. In his reply Mr. Osborne states that he never gave any such interview, and that the detailed stories as to cannibalism, etc., are merely a repetition of several incidents which occurred some years ago. In one case, some six years ago, during a hard winter there were cases in which Indians in the far north, crazed by hunger, killed and ate eight other Indians, and whole families starved to death. But of recent years there are no authentic reports of any such atrocities, although it is known that some tribal customs, such as killing the aged or infirm members of a family, are still kept up in the parts of Keewatin and Ungava where there is no Mounted Police patrol. Next year it is expected that the Mounted Police will extend their patrol up along the hitherto untouched east and west coasts of Hudson's Bay.

**T**HERE arrived in Calgary about a week ago a little band of Royal Northwest Mounted Policemen, to whom the first glimpse of the headquarters barracks in that city was a sight for sore eyes. For they had been away for three years having spent the whole of that time in one of the wildest parts of Canada—Mackenzie district and the north of British Columbia.

They were the men who have been working on the one thousand mile trail from Edmonton to Dawson, and who, now that the great undertaking is almost complete, have been granted a respite from their labors.

The trail which, when completed, will be the longest in the world, has been carried to the fourth road house on trail which runs along the Kispixox river, between Hazelton and Telegraph creek. This point was reached in September and as it is planned to follow the Kispixox trail for forty miles from there, it was decided to knock off work there. The whole party accordingly moved into Hazelton, where four men were left to look after the outfit for the winter. The remainder embarked in Indian canoes, the three boats which customarily ply on the Skeena river being disabled—either permanently or temporarily—and by this primitive means of conveyance arrived after sundry adventures at Port Essington. Thence they took the C. P. R. steamer to Vancouver and civilization once more. Next summer work will be resumed, and a trail will be opened up between the Kispixox route and Atlin, a distance of some two hundred and ten miles. This will virtually conclude the work, as a good trail already exists between Atlin and Dawson. The new trail is for pack horses only, being a uniform width of eight feet throughout. Later it may be turned into a wagon road. The amount of labor entailed in the carrying out of such a work can only be imagined by those who know the country through which it runs—and who have themselves wallowed through the interminable muskegs, forded the mountain torrents and forced their way through the almost impenetrable bush. It is a work such as those great road builders, the Romans themselves, never undertook.

"The trail is a very difficult one," said Constable Meehan to a reporter. "We left Edmonton with sixty-two horses, and last spring were sent thirteen more. Eight horses and one lone mule were sent to us from the Yukon, and of the eighty-three horses and one mule, we now have left one mule and thirty horses. The grub ran short some time before we made Hazelton, and the horses suffered greatly, although, as the country we were travelling through simply swarms with game, the men suffered no inconvenience.

"While blazing the trail through Laurier Pass we lost two men. Their hands were chilled through their thick mittens by the intense cold, and their axes slipped, both of them cutting their feet seriously. They were sent back to Edmonton, and one of the men had to have his foot amputated, gangrene having set in."

"Oh, yes," chimed in Constable Young, "and perhaps it was all skookum when we had to get off our mounts in crossing many of the higher summits and break trail for the horses through heavy drifts of snow and

with the cold rain pattering on your slicker and running down the back of your neck—and that bloomin' mu-el! Whenever we'd come to a long snow-covered slope that there animal would just squat on his hams and slide down beating us to it and usually breaking open his pack in transit!"

"Well," said Constable Ross, thoughtfully sucking at a much-beloved briar, "mebbe you mind how many times we had to swim the horses across some swift stream and raft the cargo over?" And reminiscent chills shook the bodies of his comrades.

**REV. G. R. B. KINNEY**, B. A., pastor of the James Bay Methodist church, of Victoria, B. C., is an explorer as well as a parson. In company with Dr. Coleman, geologist of the University of Toronto and generally considered one of the first geologists in Canada, and his brother, a big rancher, who has made a number of similar excursions in past years, Mr. Kinney left Lagan on the first day of August, and did not return to civilization until the eleventh day of this month, when they arrived at Edmonton. Their objective point was to climb the summit of Mount Robson, a virgin peak and the highest of all the Canadian Rockies, said to be 13,700 feet above the sea level. Twice they went through the famous Yellow Head pass, where the Grand Trunk Pacific railway will be built, passing the pack trains and camps of the surveyors. The route through the pass and eastward has been decided upon. The grade is the lowest of any of the transcontinental railway routes, Mr. Kinney says, the average grade being only one-tenth of one per cent, whilst the steepest anywhere is only four-tenths of one per cent. The scenery is not very rugged, there not being many high mountains in the vicinity. The track will, however, pass a number of very beautiful lakes, including Yellow Head lake, which is a little west of the pass, a very fine sheet of water eight or ten miles in length. The trains will run along the shore of this lake as well as of Moose lake, a larger body of water lying farther west, the waters of which flow into the Fraser river. Its shores are covered with timber, largely Douglas fir, right down to the water's edge.

Mount Peel is a pyramid-like mountain not far from Yellow Head lake, a landmark towering far above its fellows, although its height does not exceed 9,000 feet above sea level. Mount Robson is quite near where the new railway will pass. It rises 10,000 feet above the surrounding valley, a truly gorgeous sight with its almost precipitous sides and with the covering of perpetual snow on its upper part. The exploration party climbed as far as the snow line, but the extremely inclement weather made it impossible to even attempt to scale the snow clad sides. It was a disappointment to have to relinquish their object, but the trip was worth the time and trouble given to it.

"It would be impossible to attempt to describe all the new lakes, rivers and cataracts that we discovered," said Mr. Kinney. "I walked the whole distance, and there was something happening all the time."

### Autumn Days.

**T**HESE days,  
These autumn days,  
Are jewels in the crown of days;  
The mellow haze  
Feels soft and good;  
The gold and crimson of the wood,  
The lazy azures of the sky,  
Are boon and blessing to the eye;  
The smell of autumn comes to us,  
Narcotic, rich and odorless,  
And there  
Is that in its enchanting air  
Which charms away the bane of care  
And makes us glad to live  
For life's sake; glad to give  
Ourselves to Nature and to be  
At one with her—a moment free  
From man-made things;  
A little flight of careless wings  
Into a realm of easier thought  
Out of the pleasant fancies wrought  
By days like these,  
By days like these.

—William J. Lampton.

A certain nobleman well known to society, while one day strolling round his stables, came across his coachman's little boy on a seat, playing with his toys. After talking to the youngster a short time he said: "Well, my little man, do you know who I am?" "Oh, yes," replied the boy; "you're the man who rides in my father's carriage!"—Argonaut.

"How is your mine panning out?" "About \$10,000 to the ton." "What, of ore?" "No; of booklets."—Pittsburg Post.

Professor—I always forget to carry a handkerchief. I really must tie a knot in mine.—Translated from Megendorfer Blatter.

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Wife—My husband did not come home at all last night.  
Maid—Have you looked under the bed?  
Translated from Meggendorfer Blatter.



THE swing of the pendulum is of the most interesting things in life to watch. No matter how far it swings to one side a waiting, watching observer will surely see its return to plumb and its progress to the other extreme of its journey. The musician who is hooted by an impatient public is in due time adored, the man of genius whose writings are jeered at, waiting with a patience verging on the divine, or foaming with rage, as the case may be, will in due course become the power before which men bow. It only needs time. Even in the adjustment of abuses the pendulum is sure to swing true. This came home to me one day, while I thought over social conditions in various phases. It happened that some quarter of a century ago I discussed the faults of social circles with a friend who remarked: "There is an inequality in these things. Look at our men, who seem just now to be under a malign influence, drinking and gambling, and breaking the hearts of wives and daughters." I said, lightly: "Well, perhaps the women will have their turn some day." It all came back to me as I thought the other day over something I saw in a very quiet and demure restaurant. A woman unable to stand, falling flat on the carpet, waiters bundling her out, and a man following with bent head and eyes on the ground. No one disputes that what, in a modified degree, was an isolated case long ago, is now scarcely infrequent, and only greeted with a shrug and a careless "How shocking!" Women are having their turn, the pendulum has swung over, and there are men, going out into the mart and the court and the office with bitterness of soul, because of debased womanhood, men who must face the world, unable, as women so afflicted used to do, to hide in the home and cover up the shame and the grief of a loved one's disgrace. This horrible thing is whispered about in boudoirs, tales are told of hostesses incapable of doing the honors of callers, incapable of speaking clearly and sensibly, of daughters unchaperoned and some humiliated. The scandals of certain gambling coeteries are breathed softly in after dinner confabs, unsigned letters are being received, warning you and me from intimacy with the devotees of bridge and poker in certain localities. The women are having their turn! And however hard gambling falls upon their men, it is infinitely more disastrous when upon the wives and mothers and sisters of our race descends this devastation! The pendulum has swung over. Perhaps had I not seen that woman fall flat upon the carpet in a public place, apprehension and aching sympathy would have only whispered in my heart. But it seems a good time now to speak out loud, and perhaps, the loud word may carry a message to those whom one would serve and help and warn, and being spoken not in fault finding or for sensation, but in love and fear and regret, may reach them kindly.

The first swing of the pendulum began on the return trip, when fashionable doctors began to recommend their fashionable patients to drink whiskey instead of wines. If you have gout, or fear it, or if rheumatism gets its work in, your doctor says if you need stimulant leave port and claret alone, and take a little whiskey. It is very rarely that a woman, starting out to take a little whiskey, a drink to which she hasn't been accustomed and which works very quickly on her finer system, doesn't some time take a little more, and soon takes, quite inadvertently, a little too much. Then "facilis est descensus Averno!" Only one advantage over men have women in fighting against this damnable habit. The woman's saloon is not yet *fait accompli*, the treating system has never been established among the female sex. But I heard the other day of a place where women go for tea, where the tea is served clear, in dainty china cups, where the tea is taken from a glass bottle and has a smell just about as akin to tea as "mountain dew" has to rain-water. And when these things be, perhaps a woman's saloon isn't such an impossible thing to believe in after all! Somehow I was heartened a bit in my grief and impotent rage against the foolishness of women, when I considered the china cups! They stood for the unwillingness of those who drank from them to have their weakness and foolishness too palpable. And yet, everyone knows! Think of it, you women, who are proud and sensitive

and clever and inebriate even in intermittent and lesser degree. People know all about it! They are kindly people, perhaps they have someone they love in like case, and for heart-broken pity's sake, will shield you! You could not bear to be pitied and discussed and condemned, and you hope such comment may pass you by. You may realize things and make up your mind that life under these conditions is not to be borne, and in self-rescue, you may put the love of liquor and the love of cards sternly behind you. Everyone will recognize your superiority, and the world will be immediately the sweeter and the better because of you. But a truce to preaching! The word is spoken which seemed to be forced from me this Thanksgiving week, and perhaps being honestly said and meant, without intent to alienate or jar my readers, it may not do much harm!

We tried an experiment on the servant question last year, by importing a lass from the Tenth Island, and giving into her little hands the concerns of a budding household. That the household blossomed like a rose, was just what we expected, but being a bit enthusiastic over the lasses of Newfoundland, we were prepared for a sudden awakening. However, the lass made good, and, judiciously selected, more of the Newfoundland girls would be a godsend to the distracted people who haven't yet taken to flats! I know Katie and Fanny and Bess who are down there working like niggers for five dollars a month. Don't all speak at once!

LADY GAY.



The above Coupon must accompany every graphological study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following Rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the Editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quotations, scraps, or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column. Enclosures unless accompanied by Coupon are not studied.

Sotty and Tramp.—So sorry! But the letter was destroyed long ago. Scotty's present letter is all right for delineation. The writing is full of magnetic power, hope, dominant, practical and direct will power, an intuitive rather than a logical mind, tenacious, fond of fun, independent but gracious, with originality and great love of beauty and harmony. Imagination and fancy are strong and vital. How you must have enjoyed Peter Pan, if you saw it.

Fidge.—Your letter, just opened, should have been answered as you requested, if I had been clairvoyant, but being only the common or garden optical expert, I never knew of your plans until to-day. Best wishes are rather late, but you might let me know if the proposed change took place. Your writing has a very dominant touch; it would suit you to rule and direct rather than to serve. You have little emotional impulse or likelihood of yielding to influence, you are never a laggard, the strenuous rather appeals to you, and a strong nervous force is the backbone of your nature. I am inclined to respect your writing, as I do your present frame of thought, much more than I did. Forceful, independent, energetic, clear in sequence of ideas, practical, careful of detail, and very decided when once resolved, it lacks tact and some of the other graces, but can probably get along without them.

J. Cobalt-Bloom.—If Silverland develops such rhymes as yours, some of our daily paper poets should journey through it. Your writing is far better than your rhymes, and shows a good deal of philosophy, hope, feeling and general stir and sympathy. It is a live hand, but not a very dominant one. Writer has no longing to lead or rule, and self assertion is never consciously practised. The mind is conservative, and a touch of pride influences it. Taste, love of beauty and of harmony are noticed. There is facility and some imagination, and the writer will often be loved than feared.

Billy Boy.—There is plenty of character in it, so here goes! Bright mentality, dominance, care for detail, a somewhat restive and assertive nature, love of comradeship, wise caution, but frank and honest expression, not very level judgment, or any commonplace ideas, some sentiment and a possible susceptibility to influence through the emotions, generous and pleasant temper, a rather

willful, nervous energy, and a fairly good grasp of affairs. A likeable person to those who understand your ramifications.

Mohawk.—January 23 brings you under Aquarius, an air sign, but you have still much of the influence of the previous sign, Capricorn. It would be impossible for a real Aquarius to write your hand. It has the careful propriety which is the hall mark of the ordinary January person. There is animate grace of mind, and susceptibility to beauty and harmony, with a touch of ambition and a fairly discreet method. Writer is initiative rather than original, and the specimen partakes of the copy book headline nature. However, unless one is naturally gifted in pleasant qualities, he or she cannot adopt that style of writing with your ease and success.

Doris A. B.—April 23 brings you under Taurus, the first earth sign, very material, hard to overcome. Its children are fearless and kind, very magnanimous when not irritated, generous and apt to load themselves with the burdens and sorrows of others. Money has no special value in their minds, except for the good it will do. Taurus people are guided too much by externals, but when developed above sensual and material standards, they are spiritually and mentally powerful, so says an acknowledged authority. Your writing is not out of leading strings, and will probably develop much greater snap later on. I'd wait, if in your place. At present it has some fine traits: generous, frank, self-respecting.

Louise.—This is a very strong and administrative hand. You have the dominant touch very strong and insistent and should be a good person to direct and control others. But you lack sympathy and grace of expression, so that you would never be able to sway many to your will, unless circumstances helped you. It is a hand full of quick vital energy and sometimes a bit impatient with slower folk. And it is by no means an awful scrawl to a graphologist. Absolutely the reverse—a hand full of suggestion and hope and possibilities.

Urgent.—It would not be possible to alter it now. But I don't think the counter attraction will make any difference. And if you work hard, you'll probably cut them out. Cheer up.

### The Talisman.

I MIGHT forget how we went wandering  
That happy way on which our feet were set  
A season's little day—but for one thing,  
I might forget.

This, that the year, unfailing, summons spring,  
Upon her breast the purple violet,  
Our tiny token of remembering.

Uncounted hopes and dreams and longings cling  
To its small lifted face; my own is wet  
With rain of memories... But for one thing,  
I might forget.

—Nancy Byrd Turner in Lippincott's.

Waistcoats should be seen not heard.

Men of fashion run to seed early and women of fashion—to waist.

Under the spreading chestnut tree the after-dinner speaker stands.

If you do not believe there is a leisure class in America, ring for a messenger.

Painting the town red at night usually leaves it a deep, dark blue next morning.

The man who really needs the dough is the man most likely to make his daily bread.

The pen is mightier than the sword, but the pig-pen graduates more financiers than either.

Lawyers may enjoy a day off now and then, but most of them are happiest when working with a will.

Some foreign married American girls who can read their titles clear have a good deal of trouble in pronouncing them.


The once-poor Browns who become the newly-rich Brownes probably feel that they have gained the right to more ease.

Why object to the Darwinian theory, when the converse of it is so obviously true? How many men make monkeys of themselves!

In England a king may reign at eighteen, but not marry until he is twenty-five; which shows how much easier it is to rule a kingdom than a wife.

—Saturday Evening Post.

The Mother.—If he proposes to-day, tell him he must speak to me. If he doesn't propose, tell him I want to speak to him!—Translated from Flegende Blatter.



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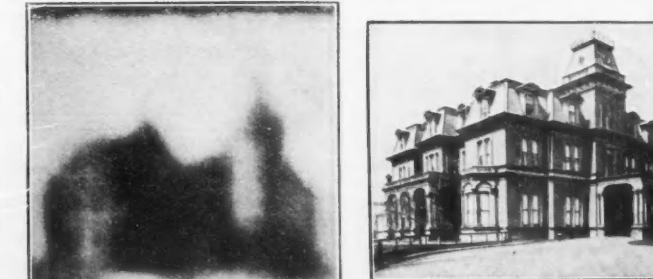
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Grace Mae Lamkin  
One of the Royal Alexandra's Company of Players.

THE Askin-Skinner Company will present at the Princess for one week, commencing Monday evening, a comedy with music, entitled "The Time, the Place and the Girl." During the run of over four hundred and fifty nights at the LaSalle Theatre in Chicago this piece was received with unequivocal approval by the theatre-goers of that city, having exceeded in point of attendance almost any musical play that has ever appeared there. To this can also be added ten weeks at the Tremont and Colonial Theatres, Boston, and sixty performances at Wallack's, New York. The reasons for this musical success are ascribed by the management by the fact that the authors have struck a new idea in musical plays and have developed it with unusual skill. It is said to be a comedy with unique characters and unique situations, constructed along lines and according to standards as rigid as those used by the many writers of plays without music. It has been the aim to make it interesting even if there were no songs in it. But with a pleasant accompaniment of attractive music, introduced legitimately, it becomes doubly attractive.

Briefly, the story is that of a pleasant, whole-souled young gambler, square as a die with everybody but himself, and with the descriptive name of "Happy" Johnny Hicks. He and his pal, Tom Cunningham, son of a rich man, get into trouble through a fight which Cunningham has in a gambling house, and are

forced to flee to a sanitarium in the mountains to escape arrest. Here they both meet their fate—Hicks in the person of a pretty trained nurse, and Cunningham in that of the charming daughter of a thrifty farmer. All of these characters and many others almost as interesting, are quarantined in the sanitarium by the county health authorities, and the complications ensuing are original and amusing to an extraordinary degree. The production is staged by Ned Wayburn, a master of his craft, and the singing and dancing numbers are said to be quite unconventional.

Following their successful presentation of "At the White Horse Tavern," the Royal Alexandra Players will produce with special scenery and correct costumes, John Drew's success "Second in Command." The piece is by Captain Robert Marshall, the young English playwright, who is also the author of "His Excellency the Governor" and "A Royal Family." Mr. Marshall's works have been enjoyed and appreciated on both sides of the Atlantic. In this play Captain Marshall has forsaken the path-finding of whimsicality for the well-trodden ways of conventional comedy, producing thereby a mannerly, plausible comedy of the present day—one of English military and social life, with an interesting plot.

The story runs after this fashion: Major Christopher Bingham is a victim of ill fortune. Nearing middle age he is passed over for the colonelcy of his regiment for a younger man, Miles Anstruther. But Major Bingham, despite his comparative penury and his being ignored by the war office, is still chipper, witty, in love, and very popular. The girl is Muriel Mannering, ward of Lady Harburgh, but she does not reciprocate his affection. She has refused twice to marry him, but finally accepts him, admitting that she does not love him. Her love has been roused by the sight of the painting of an officer, whose identity she does not know. This officer turns up as Colonel Anstruther, and he falls in love with Muriel. He proposes to her and learns that she is not free.

Muriel's brother Walter, also in the regiment, is heavily in debt and can only avoid disgrace by raising a sum of money. His lawyer suggests that if the announcement was made that Muriel was betrothed to a wealthy man—the Colonel for instance—that would be security for a loan of money sufficient to clear him of his debts. For her brother's sake, Muriel gets a release from Bingham.

just at the time he has bought the engagement ring. A war occurs in South Africa, Bingham goes to the front and is wounded, and on his return is nursed by Muriel. In the end Anstruther and Muriel are married with Bingham's blessing.

"The Social Whirl," the musical comedy being presented at the Princess Theatre this week, is like most performances of this class, a potpourri of singing, dancing and sketch-work. It has a good deal of tinkling music of the sort to please the average or occasional theatre-goer, and the piece is enjoying considerable popularity. Following the plays meant to furnish light entertainment which have been given at the Princess the past few weeks, a number of excellent dramatic productions will shortly be produced at this house.

James K. Hackett's engagement at the Princess Theatre during the week of November 11, will be an important one, as it will offer the first presentation, in Toronto, of Alfred Sutro's new drama, "John Gayde's Honor."



Violet McMillen  
As the Girl in "The Time, the Place and the Girl," the coming play at the Princess.

This play already has had presentation in London, where it was given with much success at the St. James Theatre.

Mrs. Leslie Carter, the popular emotional actress, will appear in Toronto in David Belasco's play, "Du Barry," at the Princess Theatre, December 9 to 11. It is in this play that Mrs. Carter achieved her greatest success on the stage.

"Du Barry" takes us back to France before the Revolution. The story of the play is that of the rise of Jeanette Vaubernier, the little milliner of Rue St. Honore, to power in the court of Louis XI.

Lillian Russell is appearing this season in a new racing drama "Wild-fire." The scenes of the piece are laid in Hempstead, Long Island, and the plot hinges on the trials of a pretty young widow who has inherited a racing stable from her first husband. Miss Russell's company includes Boyd Putnam, Herbert Cortell, Ernest Lamson, Hugo Toland, Gilbert Douglas, Samuel Coit, Grant Michell, Rosa Rand, Rosalie De Vaux and Norma Winslow.

Cecilia Loftus and Lawrence D'Orsay, Toronto favorites, will be seen together this season in a new play "The Lancers," an "entertainment in three acts" in which they are being presented by Henry Miller. While "The Lancers" technically might be called a military comedy, Mr. Miller prefers to designate it as an "entertainment," it having been arranged mainly for the purpose of permitting Miss Loftus and Mr. D'Orsay to display the peculiar gifts of amusement making with which they are endowed.

"The Lancers" has a military flavor, the story concerning a visit of the English 17th Lancers to Quebec. Mr. D'Orsay plays Capt. Cecil Fitzherbert, a droll, blundering, big hearted officer who falls in love with a fascinating Russian girl, impersonated by Miss Loftus. The play is interspersed with songs and dances, some of the former written by Miss Loftus, and several sung by her in her inimitable way.

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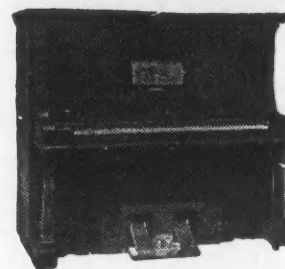
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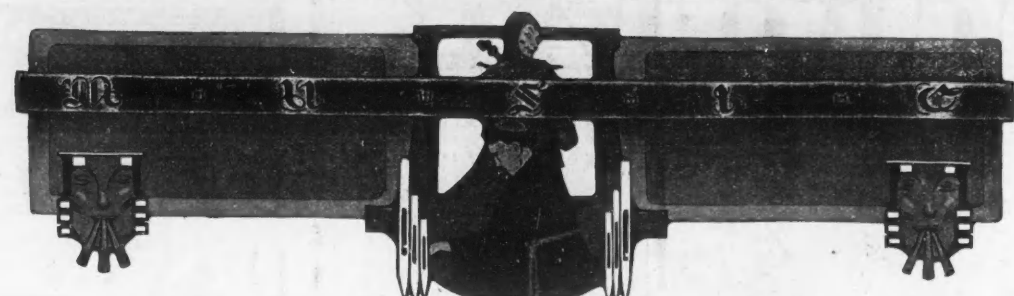
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**M. R. LISSANT BEARD-**  
MORE, the well known  
tenor, won a gratifying  
success at his debut con-  
cert last Saturday evening  
in the Conservatory of Music hall.  
Not only was there a large and ultra-  
fashionable audience, but among those  
present were numerous critical lovers  
of music whose verdict was of value.  
Mr. Beardmore, it is pleasant to  
record, evidently gained the favorable  
opinion of the connoisseurs as well as  
of those of his hearers who made no  
special claims to be judges of sing-  
ing. Mr. Beardmore has an excellent  
voice, and he sings with the enthus-  
iasm of youth and with absorbed in-  
terest in his work. His selections,  
which comprehended a diversity of  
styles, included Schubert's "Who is  
Sylvia?" Schubert's "Her Portrait,"  
Schumann's "Auftrage," Grieg's  
beautiful little lyric, "Ich liebe dich,"  
a group of French songs, in which he  
was specially felicitous in reflecting  
their mood and spirit, and numbers  
by Brahms, Strauss, Hawley, Mc-  
Dowell and W. H. Smith. He was  
assisted by Mr. Henry Lautz as ac-  
companied, who is recognized to be a  
most accomplished artist in that ca-  
pacity; Mrs. Caldwell, a solo pianist  
of fluent technique, and Mrs. Camp-  
bell, a vocalist of an attractive quality  
of voice and who, in Saint-Saens  
"My Heart at thy sweet Voice," re-  
vealed considerable musical feeling.

At the annual festival of the Alge-  
maine Musikverein the splendid or-  
chestra of the Dresden Opera, under  
Schuch, played superbly. No orches-  
tra in this country could offer a bet-  
ter combination of boldness, dash,  
brilliance and power, with elegance,  
smoothness, nobility of tone and finish  
of phrasing. The Boston Orchestra  
plays more beautifully, but not so  
poignantly. The Germans would not  
tolerate a want of fidelity in intona-  
tion or of precision or unanimity in  
this orchestra, but so long as they un-  
derstand the text of the songs they  
simply do not seem to know that  
there is anything else in the art of  
singing.—W. J. Henderson in New  
Music Review.

Joseph Bennett, the famous music  
critic of the London Daily Telegraph,  
declares that the work of the chorus  
at the recent Leeds Festival won  
back for this splendid body of singers  
the first place among English festival  
choruses. The best work of the  
chorus appears, by all critical ac-  
counts, to have been in the Ninth  
symphony, Bach's B minor mass and  
Elgar's "The Kingdom." In Parry's  
"Blest Pair of Sirens" the chorus  
won only a negative success, whilst  
in some smaller works they failed to  
make an effect. This was particularly  
the case in Cornelius' beautiful "Vat-  
ergouft" or "Hero's Rest," a ballad  
which, at the rehearsals, gave much  
trouble, owing, the Leeds Mercury  
says, to the difficulty experienced by  
the chorus in finding a fitting tonal  
cue for their entry in the refrain." The  
Yorkshire Post draws attention to  
the faulty intonation of the chorus  
in the Cornelius work, but the London  
Daily Graphic states that, notwith-  
standing occasional slips in attack,  
intonation and other details, the  
chorus proved itself, on the whole,  
fully up to the Leeds standard.

Of interest to Torontonians is the  
critical verdict of a Toronto music  
lover who was present at the festival  
and who, whilst recognizing the su-  
perb qualities of the glorious Leeds  
chorus, is unreserved in his opinion  
that in the Ninth Symphony, Parry's  
"Blest Pair of Sirens," and Corneli-  
us' "Vatergouft," and Grieg's can-  
tata, "Olaf Trygvasson," the York-  
shire chorists fell short of the  
standard reached by the Mendelssohn  
Choir of Toronto, in the same num-  
bers.

Italy, too, is ambitious to have its  
Dayreuth. Mr. Ricordi, the well  
known publisher, has plans in that  
direction. Pending their realization  
he has decided to arrange some spe-  
cial performances of operas by seven-  
teenth and eighteenth-century com-  
posers, as well as four modern works,  
during September of next year, at  
La Fenice, the large and beautiful  
building in Venice. Twenty-five oper-  
atic performances and five vocal and  
orchestral concerts, the programmes  
of the latter being likewise entirely  
drawn up from compositions by Ital-  
ian musicians, will be included in the

scheme. Mr. Caruso is to take part  
in some of the operas, and Mr. Arturo  
Toscanini, the chef d'orchestre at  
La Scala, will be the conductor. To  
further the project, a committee, con-  
sisting of Italian, English, and Amer-  
ican ladies, is being formed.

Miss Lewis, of Milton, a pupil of  
Mrs. Bradley, of Toronto, was a pro-  
nounced success at a recent concert  
at Omagh. The Milton Champion  
says of her:

Miss Lewis' rendering of "White  
Moon" was enjoyed by all, but when  
the singer's clear voice pealed forth  
in Winter's beautiful pastoral, "Mag-  
gie, the Cows are in the Clover," one  
felt "that the half had not been told,"  
for the volume and richness of tone,  
combined with the ease in which the  
highest notes were scaled, won the  
admiration and prolonged applause of  
all.

An organ recital was given in Cen-  
tral Methodist church, Windsor, last  
Thursday, by Mr. Fred. C. Thomas,  
late of Truro Cathedral, and now of  
St. Mary's, Ont. Mr. Thomas played  
the Bach G minor fugue with a bril-  
liancy that astonished a very critical  
musical audience; in fact all his  
selections merited the unstinted ap-  
plause bestowed upon them and amply  
demonstrated Mr. Thomas as a well  
skilled and very accomplished  
organist.

Hildegard Werner writes to the  
Musical Courier from London:

According to the Stockholm Dagens  
Nyheter, it is now an open secret in  
Scandinavia that MSS. of Edvard  
Grieg's unpublished songs were  
neither stolen nor lost, and also that  
when the late composer wrote from  
his Norwegian abode, Trolldhaugen,  
near Bergen, the letter dated July 19,  
1907, to Vilhelm Hansen, his pub-  
lisher in Copenhagen, anent the loss  
of his unpublished songs, the very  
MSS. were actually—without Grieg  
then being aware of it—at Trolld-  
haugen among some other music  
which Grieg had brought with him  
when returning to Trolldhaugen from  
his stay in the Danish capital.

A Norwegian friend of Edvard  
Grieg has given the following explana-  
tion how the mistake must have hap-  
pened:

"When Grieg left Copenhagen for  
Norway, he missed two bound volumes  
of his published songs. Being under  
the impression that he had put the  
MSS. of his songs between the leaves  
of these volumes, and at the same  
time omitting to search for them  
among his other music, he came to  
the conclusion that they had been lost,  
and consequently wrote the letter to  
his publisher in Copenhagen urging  
him to spare no efforts to recover  
the songs. Afterwards, when Grieg  
found the so much searched for MSS.  
among some other music at Trolld-  
haugen he was in such indifferent  
health that he forgot to write and in-  
form Vilhelm Hansen that he had  
found the lost MSS. Hence the much  
ado about nothing."

The choir of Trinity Methodist  
church intend giving a service of  
praise on Wednesday evening next,  
Mr. Frank Blachford, violinist, assist-  
ing. Mr. R. G. Kirby, the choir-  
master of the church, has prepared  
an excellent programme, including  
Sullivan's "Sing O Heavens," Goun-  
od's soprano obligato and chorus  
from "Gallia," two a capella numbers;  
Gounod's "All ye Who Weep," and  
Hawley's "Trisagion and Sanctus,"  
also the Levallee-Richardson national  
hymn "O Canada." Solos will be  
sung by Miss Jennie E. Williams,  
Mrs. Alma Sanderson, Miss Jean  
Sutherland, Mr. W. J. Lawrence and  
Mr. Willard Demmery. Mr. Russell  
Marshall, the organist of the church,  
a young Canadian of excellent ability,  
will contribute several numbers.

Is England on the verge of aston-  
ishing the world with the works of a  
new composer of genuine originality?  
It evidently is, judging by what the  
London Times says in its account of  
the Leeds festival. On one of the  
programmes there were, it says, "a  
couple of English folk-songs, with  
variations for unaccompanied chorus,  
by Mr. Rutland Boughton, who has  
not hitherto had any chance so good  
as this for showing his powers. Not  
only this idea of a new musical form,  
but the skill and humor with which  
the task has been accomplished show

that the composer is not only well  
worthy of inclusion in a festival pro-  
gramme, but that he has a brilliant  
future before him. Here, indeed, are  
the makings of a writer of real comic  
opera (not musical comedy, by any  
means), for he has taken the inherent,  
if unconscious, humor of the folk-  
songs, and has intensified it, yet with-  
out the smallest exaggeration. The  
two folk-songs (both taken from Eng-  
lish Country Songs), are "The Bark-  
shire Tragedy," the quaint rustic ver-  
sion of the beautiful Scottish "Bin-  
norie," and "King Arthur had three  
sons." The numerous verses of the  
former exhibit the tune in every pos-  
sible variety of treatment, and various  
touches of quaint choral effect occur,  
which are most amusing. At the  
words—

The Crowner came and the Justice  
too  
With a hue and a cry and a hulla-  
baloo.

the last word is adorned with a choral  
shake which produces an irresistibly  
diverting effect; and the fugal form  
is used with much skill and real fun  
to describe the fate of the wicked  
sister who "died an old maid among  
black savages." The second song  
depends for a good deal of its effect  
upon the emphatic refrain "that he  
did," which is used and developed  
with full perception of its comic pos-  
sibilities. The choir threw themselves  
into the congenial task of interpret-  
ing the songs, and we can readily be-  
lieve the rumor that the earlier re-  
hearsals were with difficulty brought  
to a conclusion, owing to the amuse-  
ment of the singers. The young com-  
poser, who conducted, was heartily  
cheered at the end."

If the late Alfred Reisenauer had  
not loved strong drink even more  
than he loved music, he might have  
lived longer than forty-four years.  
His native town was Konigsberg, and  
his musical talent was fostered at an  
early age by Louis Kohler. Then he  
came under the influence of Liszt, to  
whom he owed what was best in him,  
so far as it can be acquired. But,  
after giving some concerts, he gave  
up music and became a lawyer. Not  
till 1886 did he make music his pro-  
fession. His greatest triumphs were  
in Russia. In 1900 he accepted a  
professorship at the Leipzig Conserva-  
tory, but continued to make concert  
tours. In this country he made a sen-  
sation as a Liszt player; but he could  
never be relied on to do his best on  
any occasion. He played Liszt well,  
because, like Liszt himself, he made  
technic a means and not an end. In  
other words, when he played Liszt,  
the hearer did not say to himself,  
"How brilliant!" but, "How musical,  
how melodious, how expressive!"  
Like most other pianists of the  
time, Reisenauer was furiously jealous  
of Paderewski, for whom Carnegie  
Hall is too small, while he himself  
had to play at Mendelssohn Hall. One  
evening at a dinner, a lady sitting  
next to him commented on the versa-  
tility and brilliancy of Paderewski's  
mind. "Oh, yes!" exclaimed Reisen-  
auer, "he knows everything—except  
music!"

This anecdote recalls another. One  
time, when visiting Boston, on one  
of his tours as pianist, Edward Mac-  
Dowell spoke rapturously to a friend  
of Paderewski's playing. The friend  
looked at him in amazement, and ex-  
claimed: "You are the first pianist I  
have ever heard praise Paderewski!"

To-morrow being the Sunday after  
"All Saints' Day" the services at St.  
Simon's church will be festive. The  
music in the morning will include  
the song "Crossing the Bar," by  
Behrend, sung by Mr. A. C. Fair-  
weather, tenor soloist of St. Simon's.  
At the evening service Stainer's an-  
them "What are These?" will be sung.  
After the service a short organ re-  
cital will be given by Mr. J. W. F.  
Harrison, assisted by Mr. H. J. Lautz,  
tenor.

The Winnipeg Free Press says:  
"A large and enthusiastic audience  
greeted Miss Mae Dickenson last  
night, in Zion church, on her initial  
appearance before a western audience.  
Every one was delighted and a suc-  
cessful tour of the West is assured."  
The Telegram says: "Miss Mae  
Dickenson is a magnificent singer and  
an adept on the guitar."

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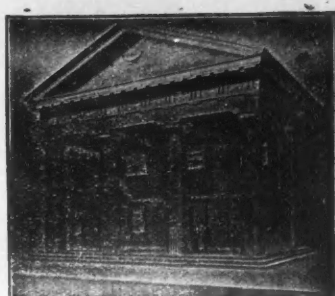
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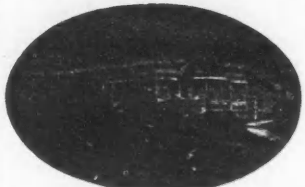
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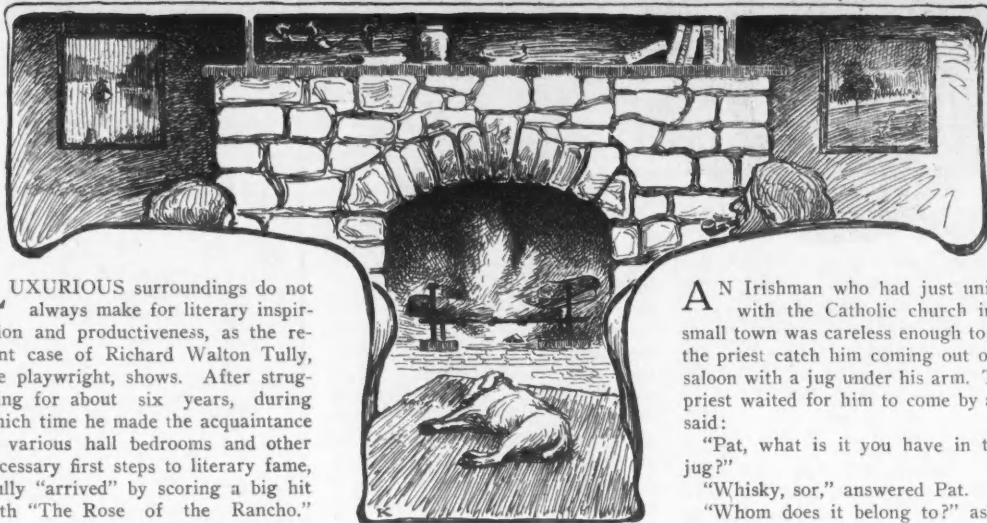
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# ANECDOTAL



**L**UXURIOUS surroundings do not always make for literary inspiration and productivity, as the recent case of Richard Walton Tully, the playwright, shows. After struggling for about six years, during which time he made the acquaintance of various hall bedrooms and other necessary first steps to literary fame, Tully "arrived" by scoring a big hit with "The Rose of the Rancho." Then checks for royalties came in and the world beamed with plenty.

"Now," said Tully, "I will go to some beautiful sea-swept island where, in a vineclad villa, I will live in luxury, and I will do real work." So he went to Capri. He leased a fine old villa where he could sit on the terrace and see the moonlight on the shimmering sea. He remained in Capri a year. When he returned to New York one of his old friends came to see him.

"Let me show you some of the costumes I wore over there," said Tully. The gorgeous raiment was produced.

"Here," continued the playwright, "is a picture of the villa where I lived, with some of the servants standing outside."

"Lovely," replied the friend. "But where is that play you were going to write?"

Tully looked abashed. Then he said: "Bill, I didn't write a line over there. I simply couldn't. I am going to rent a hall bedroom now and do some work."

**A**ND there is an excellent story of one of Disraeli's contemporaries—Tennyson to wit: Lord John Russell held a reception, which the poet attended, being warmly welcomed by his host.

"Glad to see you, Mr. Tennyson," said he. "You have been travelling in Europe lately; how did you like Venice? Did you visit the Bridge of Sighs?"

"Yes, my lord," responded Tennyson.

"And saw all the works of art in the wonderful city?"

"I did not like Venice my lord."

"Indeed! Why not, Mr. Tennyson?"

"They had no good cigars there, and I left the place in disgust."

"Indeed!" said Lord John. "Good evening, Mr. Tennyson."

**W**ILLIAM WHITELEY, London's "universal provider," was an optimist save on one point—marriage. He was continually relating an incident concerning marriage that had happened to a medical friend of his in Dorset.

Out walking one summer evening, this physician saw a cottager eating his supper all alone on the sidewalk before his little house.

"Why, Jim," he said, "what are you eating out here for?"

"Er—chimney smokes, sir," the man stammered.

The physician was practical, a handy man, a jack of all trades.

"We'll have a look at that chimney, Jim," he said. And he opened the door, and—bang! a broomstick fell on his shoulders, and a woman's voice shrieked in the gloom: "Back again, are you, you old rascal? Well, just clear out again! Clear out with you, or I'll—"

The physician retreated hastily.

Jim sat on the curb-stone, shaking his head in sorrow and embarrassment. The physician bent over him, and laid his hand in kindly fashion on his arm. "Jim," he said, "our chimney smokes sometimes, too."

**A**N old man in a village near Glasgow was in the habit of cooking sufficient porridge every Saturday to last him a week. One Friday morning the remaining porridge was very salt and cold, so he had to give up the struggle to eat it. But such a thing as waste was not to be dreamt of. He tried again, but without success. He therefore got out a bottle of whisky, and poured himself out a glass.

"Now, Sandy," he said to himself, "if ye eat that parritch ye'll hae that whisky." He nearly finished his meal, but once again stuck. The thought of the whisky was too much for him, however, so he finished the porridge. He then poured the whisky back into the bottle, and with a grin said to himself:

"I did ye that time, ye auld fule!"

**L**ORD NORTHCLIFFE, the English editor, recently settled for \$250,000 a libel suit brought against his newspaper by the Lever soap firm. Lord Northcliffe often visits America, and he admits that many of his best journalistic ideas are the fruit of these visits.

"At the same time," said a New York editor the other day, "Lord Northcliffe is a severe critic of the American press. One of his strictures is about our padding."

"At the Press Club on Nassau street he told one night a story on this head."

"He said that a reporter came wearily into the office and approached the city editor's desk with a disconsolate air."

"Well," said the city editor, eagerly, "what did you find out about Senator Blank's alleged divorce?"

"Nothing," said the reporter?

"No facts whatever?"

"Not a single fact."

"Denied everywhere?"

"Everywhere."

"Senator deny it?"

"Yes."

"Wife, too?"

"Yes."

"And no rumors?"

"Not a blessed rumor."

"The city editor sighed."

"Well," he said, sadly, "keep the story down in that case to three and a half columns."

**T**HE story goes that, chancing to look one morning at the house opposite, into which a family had recently moved, Mark Twain saw something that made him cross the street quickly and deliver this speech to a group of new neighbors seated on the verandah:

"My name is Clemens. My wife and I have been intending to call on you and make your acquaintance. We owe you an apology for not doing it before now. I beg your pardon for intruding on you in this informal manner, but your house is afire!"

That at this point the meeting suddenly adjourned, it is unnecessary to say.

**A**SCOTCHMAN went to London for a holiday. Walking along one of the streets, he noticed a bald-headed chemist at his shop door, and enquired if he had any hair restorer.

"Yes, sir," said the chemist. "Step inside, please. There's an article I can highly recommend. Testimonials from great men who have used it. It makes the hair grow in twenty-four hours."

"Aweel," said the Scot, "ye can gie the top o' your heid a bit rub wi't, and I'll look back the morn and see if ye're telling' the truth."

**T**HE mind-reader pressed his hand to his brow and remained silent for nearly five minutes. Then he swept a searching glance over his Bushby audience, and spoke.

"There is a person known to every one in this room," he said, in a slow, impressive tone, "and the thoughts of one man are on her at this moment. She has the characteristic of being generally in a hurry, and usually a little late. She is generous about large things, and rather close in regard to small ones. She will run half a block for a moving street car, and when it stops she will wait for the next one. Never has any postage stamps in the house, and does not like to make change in a hurry. Now I cannot help believing that there is a man in the room who will know that I can read his thoughts like a book. If he would kindly rise."

Then, as with one accord, every man but one rose to his feet.

"You'll have to speak a little louder for Mr. Howe's benefit," said one of the men, addressing the mind-reader, whose face wore a peculiar look.

"He's deaf, but he'll rise all right if he hears you."

**A**N Irishman who had just united with the Catholic church in a small town was careless enough to let the priest catch him coming out of a saloon with a jug under his arm. The priest waited for him to come by and said:

"Pat, what is it you have in that jug?"

"Whisky, sor," answered Pat.

"Whom does it belong to?" asked the good man.

"To me and me brudder Moike, sor."

"Well, say, Pat, pour yours out, and be a good man."

"I can't, sor; mine's on the bottom," answered Pat.

**P**RESIDENT MANUEL AMADOR of Panama was reviewing the wonders of Coney Island. "A remarkable place," he said. "It impressed me tremendously. I shall never forget it. Speaking of being impressed tremendously, I am reminded of a joke I once heard about a Cuban millionaire."

An unfortunate man obtained access to this millionaire, and depicted his wretched poverty in the most vivid and moving colors. Indeed, so graphic was the visitor's sad narrative that the millionaire was very profoundly affected, and summoning his servant, he said with tears in his eyes and a voice trembling with emotion:

"Guine, put this poor fellow out into the street. He is breaking my heart."

**W**E. ROSE, in the Cleveland Plain Dealer, tells the story of how Wu Ting-Fang unconsciously assisted a romance:

The statement that Wu Ting-Fang is coming back to Washington recalls a story that Robertus Love told me some time ago. Robertus was on the staff of one of the St. Louis papers when the distinguished celestial visited that city, and was assigned to interview him. As usual, it was Wu who did the interviewing. After a brief fusillade of general questions he became personal.

"Are you married?" he glibly asked.

"No," replied Robertus.

"Why not?"

"My salary is too small."

"Why is it too small?"

"I don't know."

"Would you marry if they gave you more salary?"

"Yes."

Here the diplomat was called away, and Robertus returned to the office.

"Get it?" the city editor called to him.

"Yes. But it's largely personal."

"That's all right. Give us exactly what the old man said. We want it characteristic."

So Robertus wrote out the conversation word for word, and it appeared in the morning paper exactly as he wrote it.

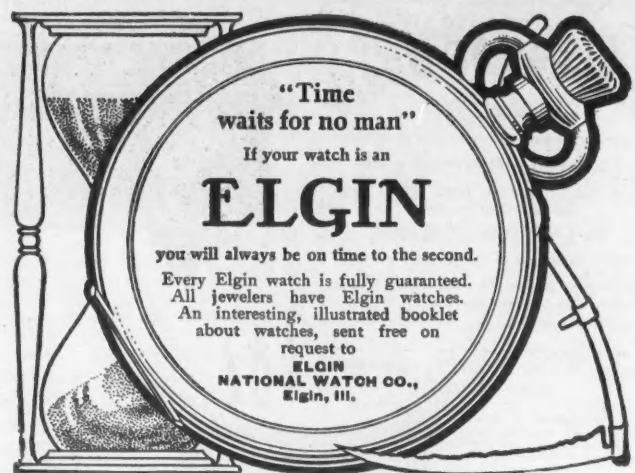
In the afternoon he was called into the managing editor's room. That arbiter of reportorial fates and salaries looked up at him with a decorous grin.

"Your salary hereafter," he said, "will be so-and-so," and he named a substantial increase.

And Robertus was married a few days later.

**A**HIGHLAND landlady chatting with a neighbor told that one of the village girls was just married, and opined that she had been "an auld maid overlong" to take kindly to matrimony.

"She is that!" assented the neighbor, "Do ye mind my husband's brither? He was a schuilmaster—a weel-built, weel-faured man as ye may ken, wi' braid shoulters an' gey tall. A'weel, Sandy McLean's nither had a gatharin' at her hoose one e'en, an' when they a' cam' to gae their ways hame the men tuik the maids an' saw them to their biding-places. My brither-in-law tuik an auld maid who kept a wee shop in the toon. When they reached their journey's end, he aye bent to kiss her cheek, as was the custom in seein' hame. Noo Jeannot (the auld maid) was in a gret fluster. 'Oh! Mr. Cameron,' says she—an' she was all in a tremble—'what am I to dae? Must I lift my veil?'"



"Time waits for no man"

If your watch is an

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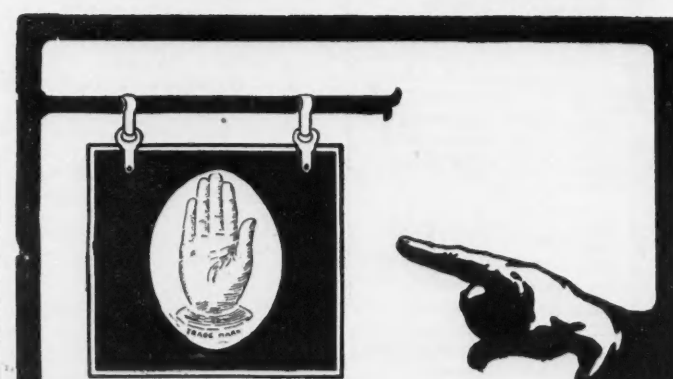


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## Other Points of View

THE tailors of fashion have confessed their decided dissatisfaction with the stability of male fashions. Where is the profit or the encouragement to sartorial art in a costume that does not change from season to season and that can be worn again and again so long as the supply of moth powder holds out or until the owner develops a front elevation, changes his equatorial line, or disturbs his centre of gravity? Obviously, says The Argonaut, something must be done to impart a little variation into male attire and allow some latitude for a change of fashion.

But the tailors have learned to be wary and to approach the quarry with caution. Men have become nervous. They are willing to pay for the vagaries of their wives and to foot the bills for Class A construction in millinery or for whatever corresponds with reinforced concrete in dressmaking. And they are not entirely disinterested, either. Was it not David Harum who said that it was good for a dog to have a certain number of flees to prevent him from brooding over being a dog? In the same way it is good for a woman to have her dress to worry about, because otherwise she might worry about her husband, which would of course be good for him, but distinctly unpleasant. A healthy husband has his own well-defined reasons for courting domestic obscurity. He wants to be let alone and to go on his simple way unquestioned, and he is willing to pay anything in reason for the privilege of wifely oblivion. The average husband, like The Hague Conference, wants peace, and he expects to pay for it. He gets it so long as his better half is busy poring over blue prints of architectural changes in her anatomy and studying dressmaking estimates for a change from the curve to the straight hip.

But to return to our muttons, or, rather, to our tailors: Evening dress is no longer to be black. Once wear the male animal from plain black and white and it will be easy to run him up and down the color scale from season to season. Black and white was the tailor's undoing, as color will be his salvation. But he must not go too quickly. Man is a timid thing in the presence of dress, and to ask him to wear ribbons in his hair or lace trimmings on his trousers would frighten him away in a moment. It may come to this, but the approach must be stealthy. The first move is to enact that evening clothes must be dark blue, so dark indeed as to seem black to the indiscriminating eye. With this concession gained, the road is open. The color barrier will be broken down, and before many seasons are over we may have just as prodigious a variety in male clothing as we have now in female. It is an alluring prospect.

After all, why should men dress so hideously? Let us put aside mere questions of sordid cost and applaud the tailors to the echo in their endeavors to reform the male creation. That men are naturally ugly, most of them, is no reason why they should accentuate the niggardliness of nature. We do not deprive the stupid child of education. Rather we educate him the more in an effort to compensate for his shortcomings. It should be the same in the matter of dress. In what we facetiously call the lower kingdoms of nature it is the male who wears the plumes, while the female contents herself with the decoration of a simple heart and the domestic virtues. It must be agreed that men would be far less unsightly if they would call art to their aid and so do something to divert attention from the unkindness of nature. The black claw-hammer coat has not yet become a matter of religion. Let its reign be challenged before it becomes a vested right.

THERE was a time, not long distant, when there were great ladies in New York society holding their own with the great ladies of Washington, Boston, Philadelphia, and Baltimore, and there were polished men of the world there, too, who cultivated and preserved "manner" as well as good manners. A contingent of this class still exists in New York, appalled at the monster of the younger generation's creation. But their race is fast dying out, and it is a lamentable fact that, so far as their descendants are concerned, they have left few successors. The coteries of the rich and rude unquestionably rule the social roost.

The modern breed is exemplified in what may be called the "shrieking sisterhood," whose members set such a bad example of high-pitched volubility that weak-minded women outside the "exclusive" circle argue to

themselves that, since it is "smart" to shriek at the opera, the play, and the fashionable restaurants, they will shriek, too. Hence, pandemonium.

The opulent parties in the boxes at the opera or the theatre often see no reason why they should not shriek through the performance as well as during the noisy entr'actes. The chosen spirits and kindred souls who convene at luncheon, dinner and supper, flood the restaurant with their acute accents. Equally oblivious and disdainful of the existence of others who may not be equally interested in the subjects that preoccupy their small minds, they chatter like cages full of monkeys or parrots. Having shrieked through the Newport season and the fall season at the Virginia Hot Springs, they go shrieking back to town for the November Horse Show and opera—and there, indeed, by their shrieks shall they be known.

DURING the present season about 60,000 Americans have visited London, without counting those who stayed with private families. Between them these 60,000 Americans have spent about \$7,500,000.

"Americans come to London for the specific purpose of buying," says a London tailor. "Many of the men come with half-empty trunks, and buy a complete outfit of socks, ties, collars, shirts, suits of clothes, and hats. I have been kept busy with orders for lounge suits and frock coats at a time when business is at a standstill as far as my regular customers are concerned."

"They will have flowers," said a florist. "I might shut up shop, for all the best London customers are out of town, but the American visitors keep things going. These roses that you see here," pointing to a magnificent bunch of pink roses, "are sold to a wealthy American customer. Roses are their favorite flower."

The American visitors have staved off disaster from the river this year. The weather matters nothing to them. To come to London without seeing the river would be a wasted journey, and so, even though the visitors equip themselves with mackintoshes and umbrellas for their river trip, the Thames boatmen reap the benefit.

The hotels and boarding houses get by far the largest share of the £1,500,000 which American travellers leave behind them in London. Next come the antique dealers, for America is particularly keen on old china and Sheffield plate, and will pay almost any price for a fancied object. Then follow the tailors, the haberdashers, the hatters, the jewelers, and the miscellaneous traders.

Roughly, one may apportion the £1,500,000 which the Americans leave behind them as follows:

Hotels and boarding houses	£500,000
Tailors	24,000
Haberdashers	15,000
Hatters	10,000
Jewelers	200,000
Antiques	350,000
Furniture	5,000
Drapers	200,000
Dressmakers	150,000
Cabmen	5,000
Brakes, motor cars, carriages, and miscellaneous expenses	11,000
Theatres	12,000
Music halls	12,000
Tobacconists	6,000

Total ... £1,500,000

WHEN the Amerika, of the Hamburg-American line, steamed into New York harbor a few days ago from Hamburg, Southampton and Cherbourg she brought the latest innovation in connection with the Ritz-Carlton restaurant on board, trout and carp kept alive throughout the voyage for the passengers who patronize that popular dining room on the ship.

Travellers with discriminating appetites can now journey to the boat deck and select from the tanks in which they are swimming about as happily as in their native haunts in Continental waters, a wriggling,



"I've come to give notice, ma'am." "Indeed?" "And would you give me a good reference, ma'am? I'm going to Mrs. Jones, across the way." "The best in the world, Maggie. I hate that woman."—Life.

## DEWAR'S "BLUE LABEL" WHISKY



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## H.P. SAUCE

The Sauce that is rich, thick, fruity and altogether delicious. H.P. is quite different from any other Sauce or Relish. If you have never tasted it, you have a treat in store.

The letters H.P. and illustration of the Houses of Parliament appear on every bottle of genuine H.P.

All Grocers sell it.



speckled beauty, or, if a larger fish is wanted, a meaty, toothsome carp.

When the liner returned her tanks were stocked with the products of American streams and ponds—trout, bass, and several other seasonable varieties of fresh water fish. The tanks, four in number, are of galvanized iron and set in racks on the boat deck. Each is about four feet in depth and three feet square. On the voyage over 700 pounds of carp and 250 pounds of trout were consumed.

Several of the diners in the restaurant went to the upper deck during the voyage to pick out their fish for breakfast. The call of "Will you select your fish, sir?" will doubtless soon be as familiar as the ordinary routine questions of the ocean steward.

Lives there a man with soul so dead Who never to himself hath said: "With half his chance, I, too, would be As rich a man as old John D." —New York Press.

"Woman is considered the weaker vessel," she remarked, "and yet—" "Well!" he queried, as she hesitated. "And yet," she continued, "man is the oftener broke."—Truth.

Extheodore.

(With apologies to Longfellow)

The shades of night were falling fast As through a young republic passed A youth, who bore, mid snow and ice, A banner with this strange device: "Fakers!"

His brow was sad, his teeth beneath Glanced like a falchion from its sheath. And like a silver clarion rung The accents of his unknown tongue: "Liars!"

"O stay," kind Wall Street said, "and rest Your weary head upon this breast." The youth but showed his teeth the more; While prices fell they heard him roar: "Grifters!"

—New York Life.

The play was scoring a tremendous success, but the spectators seated in the first few rows were unable to enjoy or appreciate the thrilling moments because of the frantic actions of an enthusiastic man occupying an end seat. When the hero made a brave speech or did a little rescuing the troublesome gentleman would stand up, and wildly stutter:

"G-g-gee, b-b-but th-th-that's g-g-great!"

An usher was sent to him, after a complaint had been lodged at the box-office, with the request that he diminish his enthusiastic outbursts; but the request was unheeded, and the enthusiasm more annoying. Then the floor manager repeated the request a little more emphatically, and politely suggested that the gentleman stut inwards, if it was absolutely necessary; but the suggestion was fruitless.

At last the house manager, thoroughly exasperated, walked down the aisle and stopped at the seat of the enthusiastic person. He handed him one dollar and fifty cents, which was accepted by the recipient with the query: "W-w-what's th-th-this f-f-f-for?"

"You've been annoying everybody in this part of the theatre during the past hour, even though you have been requested to desist," replied the manager, "and you will have to leave immediately."

"I r-r-really am v-v-very s-s-sorry, a-a-and I d-d-don't c-c-care t-to leave; b-b-but o-o-o-of course i-i-if you i-i-insist—"

"I certainly do insist," interrupted the manager.

"V-v-very w-w-well; j-j-just a-a-s-y-y-you s-s-say," was the stuttered

response, as the two walked up the aisle; "p-p-personally I d-d-don't c-c-care m-m-much" (and he tucked the one-fifty into his vest pocket). "C-c-cause, y-y-you know, I c-c-came i-i-in o-o-on a p-p-p-p-pass."—Post, Philadelphia.

"Tommy," said the father to his small son, who was following him round the course, "what makes the grass grow?"

"The grass has blades, and with these it cuts its way through the ground."—Golfing.

Contributor: Has that poem any merit?

Editor: Oh, yes. If it hadn't, I would throw you out of the window. But it is good enough to permit you to steal quietly down the back stairs. —Life.

"Who gave you permission to fish here?"

"Who? What a stupid question! My wife, of course!"—Translated from Fliegende Blätter.

He—How can Mrs. Smythe afford to keep three servants? She—My dear, she plays bridge with them every Monday and they owe her money.—London Opinion.

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## Synopsis of Canadian North-west

### HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS

ANY even numbered section of Dominion Lands in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, excepting 5 and 26, not reserved, may be homesteaded by any person who is the sole head of a family, or any male over 18 years of age, to the extent of one-quarter section of 100 acres, more or less.

Application for entry must be made in person by the applicant at a Dominion Lands Agency or sub-agency for the district in which the land is situated. Entry by proxy may, however, be made at an Agency on certain conditions by the father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister of an intending homesteader.

The homesteader is required to perform the homestead duties under one of the following plans:

(1) At least six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land in each year for three years.

(2) A homesteader may, if he so desires, perform the required residence duties by living on farming land owned solely by him, not less than eighty (80) acres in extent, in the vicinity of the homestead, or upon a homestead entered for by him in the vicinity, such homesteader may perform his own residence duties by living with the father (or mother).

(3) If the father (or mother, if the father is deceased) of a homesteader has permanent residence on farming land owned solely by him, not less than eighty (80) acres in extent, in the vicinity of the homestead, or upon a homestead entered for by him in the vicinity, such homesteader may perform his own residence duties by living with the father (or mother).

(4) The term "vicinity" in the two preceding paragraphs is defined as meaning not more than nine miles in a direct line, exclusive of the width of road allowance crossed in the measurement.

(5) A homesteader intending to perform his residence duties in accordance with the above while living with parents or on farming land owned by himself must notify the Agent for the district of such intention.


Six months' notice in writing must be given to the Commissioner of Dominion Lands at Ottawa, of intention to apply for patent.

W. W. CORY,

Deputy of the Minister of the Interior.

N.B.—Unauthorized publication of this advertisement will not be paid for.





**NEW VICTOR RECORDS**  
For November, 1907, on sale throughout Canada  
**TO-DAY**

**8-inch Records 40 cts. each.**

Arthur Pryor's Band Telescope March (No. 5217) Accordion Solo by John J. Kimmel Medley of Irish Jigs (No. 5238) Whistling Solo by Ed. Ables with orchestra Love Me and the World is Mine (No. 5267) Soprano Solo by Miss Ada Jones with orchestra Mammy's Little Curly Head (No. 5266) Tenor Solo by Harry Tally with orchestra A Friend of Mine Told a Friend of Mine (No. 5160)	Duet by Harlan and Stanley with orchestra Yankee Doodle (No. 5265) Male Quartet by the Haydn Quartet with orchestra In the Wildwood Where the Blue Bells Grew (No. 5168) Descriptive Specialty by Collins & Harlan Closing Time in a Country Grocery (No. 1728) Talking Record by Len Spencer with orchestra Arkansas Traveler (No. 1101) Duet by Collins and Harlan In Monkey Land (No. 5270) Tenor Solo by James McCool The Girl I Left Behind Me (No. 5259) Tenor Solo by Billy Murray Golden Rod (No. 5247) Tenor Solo by Byron G. Harlan Captain Baby Bunting (No. 5246) Yodel Song by George P. Watson Medley of Yodel Songs (No. 5262) Soprano Solo by Miss Helene Noldi The Last Rose of Summer (No. 5264) Contralto Solo by Miss Corinne Morgan Homeward (No. 5285) Descriptive Specialty by Miss Jones and Mr. Spencer Meet Me Down at the Corner (No. 5252) Yankee Talk by Cal. Stewart Uncle Josh Joins the Grangers (No. 5249) Tenor Solos by Harry Tally with orchestra Bye Bye, Dearie (No. 5258) Sacramento (No. 5260) Hebrew Choir Records by Cantor Meisels and Choir of Congregation "Ohab Zedek," New York City Shema Israel (No. 5259) Eir chaim (No. 5249) Ishitabach (No. 5241) Birchas Kohanim (No. 5245) Kishu (No. 5242)
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**10-inch Records 75 cts. each.**

Police Band of Mexico City Velino M. Pesa, Director Hidalguense Two-Step (No. 5268) Twenty-third of July March (No. 5269) Arthur Pryor's Band Slavery Days March (No. 5271) German Cavalry Band Parade Post (with Kaiser Friedrich March) (No. 5255) Harmonic Retreat (No. 5256) Victor Drum, Fife and Bugle Corps War Songs March (No. 5254) Xylophone Solo by Chris. Chapman Dell Oro Mazurka (No. 5272) Accordion Solo by John J. Kimmel Medley of Straight Jigs (No. 5254) Comic Song by Miss Clarice Vance I'm Wise (No. 5253) Comic Songs by Miss Vesta Victoria with orchestra I've Told His Missus All about Him (No. 5240) It Ain't All Honey and It Ain't All Jam (No. 5251) Three Songs by Harry Lauder (The Great Scotch Comedian) I've Something in the Bottle for the Morning (No. 5250) I Love a Lassie (My Scotch Bluebell) (No. 5200) Stop Your Tinkling, Jock! (No. 5203)	Police Band of Mexico City Pagliacci Fantasia (No. 5164) Felix Diaz March (No. 5165) Semi-Andante Overture (No. 5166) Alice Nielsen, Soprano 12-inch size with orchestra—\$1.75—In Italian Don Pasquale—Quel guardo (No. 74087) Domestic (Glares So Soft) Charles Dalmores, Tenor 12-inch size with orchestra—\$1.00—In Italian Trovatore—Ah si ben mio (No. 85123) Verdi (The Vows We Fondly Flighted) Florenco Constantino, Tenor 12-inch size with orchestra—\$1.75 each—In Italian Traviata—Dei miei bollenti spiriti (No. 74093) Verdi (Wild My Dream of Youth) Meftastefele—Epilogo—"Giunto al passo" (No. 74084) (Nearing the End of Life) Arrigo Boito Any Berliner and Victor Dealer will gladly play these Records for you. Go and hear them to-day.
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Trovatore—Ah si ben mio (No. 85123)  
Verdi  
(The Vows We Fondly Flighted)  
Florenco Constantino, Tenor  
12-inch size with orchestra—\$1.75 each—In Italian  
Traviata—Dei miei bollenti spiriti (No. 74093)  
Verdi  
(Wild My Dream of Youth)  
Meftastefele—Epilogo—"Giunto al passo"  
(No. 74084)  
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**The Cradle, Altar and the Tomb**  
BIRTHS.

O'CONNOR—At 292 St. George street, on Saturday, October 26, to Mr. and Mrs. H. V. O'Connor, a son.

FORBES—At Toronto, Oct. 22, 1907, to Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Forbes, a son.

BROWN—At Toronto, Oct. 16, 1907, to Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Brown, a daughter.

WATTS—At Toronto, Friday, Oct. 25, 1907, to Mr. and Mrs. Herbert L. Watts, a son.

EVEREST—October 24, 1907, to Mr. and Mrs. Henry Everest, of Scarborough Junction, a son.

LOCKE—At Orangeville, Oct. 25,

1907, to Rev. John and Mrs. Locke, a daughter.

MURRAY—On Thursday, Oct. 24, 1907, at Hamilton, to the Rev. Mr. and Mrs. J. Lovell Murray, a son.

CLARK—Oct. 20, 1907, at the Manse of Knox church, Calgary, Alberta, to the Rev. and Mrs. J. A. Clark, a son.

MARRIAGES.

ANDERSON-TODD—Oct. 23, 1907, at Toronto, Andrene Thornton, fourth daughter of the late A. Thornton Todd, to Charles Henshaw Anderson, of Montreal.

BREWER-MARSH—Oct. 3, 1907, at New York, S. P. Brewer, of Louisville, Kentucky, to Bessie, daughter of A. H. Marsh, K.C., Toronto.

CARLYLE-OLIVER — At Woodstock, Ont., on Oct. 23, 1907, Estelle Maude Oliver, to James P. Carlyle, Windsor.

GRIEVE-LEFEVRE—At St. John's church, Lakefield, Oct. 24, 1907, Louise Beresford LeFevre, of Lakefield, to Wm. Robert Grieve, of Vernon, B.C.

DEATHS.

CLELAND—At his late residence, 238 Robson street, Vancouver, B. C., Sept. 26, 1907, Wm. Cleland, aged 79 years. Interred at Mountain View Cemetery.

POLSON—At Toronto, October 28, 1907, Franklin Bates Polson, in his 50th year.

## SOCIETY

Yet another engagement is being quietly mentioned among the friends of the young people most concerned. It will not, I understand, be formally announced for some little time.

Miss Ina Matthews went down to the capital for a visit this week. She will attend the French Fair in aid of the hospital.

Mrs. Victor Williams gave a small tea on Friday (25) for Mrs. Bertram Denison, who looked very pretty in a brown costume and hat.

Major and Mrs. Hendrie, of Hamilton, were in town last week, guests of Major Michie.

A dance in the Temple ballroom on December 5 is to be given by the Royal Grenadier chapter of the Daughters of the Empire, in which Mrs. Gooderham, of Deancroft, takes great interest.

South Simcoe street is being repaired at last. For many years it has been the shabby approach to Government House, but ere long it will be new asphalt and nice granolithic walks.

Everyone is entertaining the brides and the debutantes. There were teas, luncheons and dinners and suppers given in their honor this week.

I hear that Miss Beardmore has advertised her farm for sale and will take up residence in another quarter. As she is devoted to a country life, it is not likely it will be in town.

Grace Hospital Training School for Nurses will present a graduating reception class nineteen hundred and seven at the hospital, Tuesday evening, November 5, at eight o'clock, when diplomas will be awarded to the following graduating nurses: Maude Elizabeth Tindale, Margaret Eleanor Coulter, Rose Elizabeth Monney, Margaret Alice Thompson, Lilian May Wixon, Carrie Elizabeth Gibson and Clara Louise Barnes.


Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Lucas are now settled in their new home, 19 Hawthorne avenue, Rosedale, where Mrs. Lucas will receive on the first and third Mondays.

Lady Mortimer Clark regrets that her first fortnightly reception will have to be postponed until Thursday, November 7, owing to the repairing of Simcoe street.

Mr. and Mrs. W. G. A. Lambe have moved from their summer home at Scarborough, to 74 Grenville street. Mrs. Lambe will receive on Monday, the fourth of November, for the first time this season, and afterwards on the first and third Mondays of the month.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry B. Johnston and Mr. and Mrs. Herb. Begg left last Saturday (26th) for the north on a two week's shooting trip.

Mrs. George Gale receives on November 8, at 88 Kendall avenue. Mrs. Owen Smily receives November 7 at 173 Roxborough street west. Mrs. Edward G. Chapman receives November 7 at 557 Markham street.



**Bell Pianos**

It is quality that makes a piano worth while; it is quality in an instrument that wins the almost personal affection of the family circle; it is quality that endears the piano to all who play upon its keyboard and listen to its music. An inferior instrument, on the contrary, is a cause of constant dissatisfaction, a source of annoyance as long as it is retained.

It is because of superbly beautiful quality that the Bell Piano has won its remarkable place in the regard of people of the best musical judgment. It is because in beauty of tone, in delightful balance of scale, in faultless workmanship throughout, in splendid durability, and in highly artistic appearance, the Bell Piano leaves nothing to be desired, that it has gained its pre-eminent position.

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to watch people pass your house that look neat and natty. If you will ask any one of them how they keep their clothes looking so new and good, they will tell you that

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A New Novel by May Sinclair,  
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A story of the awakening of Anne Fletcher, who had married Walter Majendie, believing him to be good.

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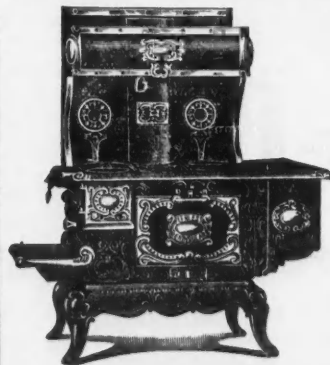
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## Society at the Capital

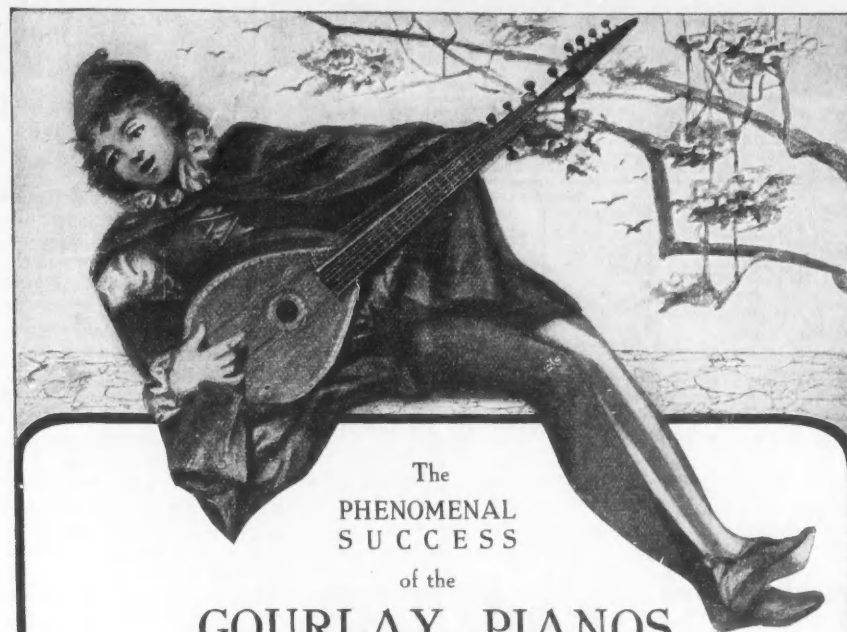
THE first ball of the season, to which so many young girls in the capital have been looking forward with eagerness as to be the occasion of their first step into the whirl of gayety, is now a thing of the past, having come off on Thursday evening, and the hostess, Mrs. George E. Perley, must feel thoroughly gratified at the complete success which crowned her efforts to give all the young people a "good time."

The Old Racquet Court, so often called into requisition for affairs of the kind, owing to its perfect floor and general adaptability, was in capital shape on Thursday evening, and with the aid of brilliant electric lights, quantities of flags and bunting arranged in various pretty designs, artistically placed palms and ferns, and banks of exquisite white 'mums, was transformed into a perfect fairyland. Yellow and white was the color scheme followed throughout the entire decorations, and feathery chrysanthemums in golden shades intermingled with white were used on the buffet, where light refreshments were served during the evening, and also on the supper table where yellow shaded candelabra shed a pretty soft glow over the beautiful cut glass and silver.

The only daughter of the house, Miss Ethel Perley, whose coming-out the function celebrated, and who is an extremely handsome girl, stood with her mother to receive all the guests—numbering over three hundred—and looked the personification of girlish beauty in a gown quite simply made, of white silk net over satin, trimmed with ruffles, the skirt and bodice having appliques of pale pink embroidery. She carried a large shower bouquet of pink rosebuds and lily of the valley. Mrs. Perley wore a Parisian gown of rich white satin veiled in black embroidered chiffon with deep lace vandykes inserted in the skirt, the girdle being finished with oriental embroidery and caught with glittering rhinestone clasps. She carried a large sheaf of American Beauty roses. Miss Cowie of Birkenhead, England, a young friend of Miss Perley's, who is one of Mrs. Perley's household at present, also stood with the hostess and was presented to all the guests. She wore a very pretty gown of pink taffeta with high girdle of soft satin with long flowing sash ends and carried a sheaf of pale pink roses. Miss Marjorie Webb, a cousin of the debutante's, came up from Quebec especially for this gala occasion, and looked extremely well in cream satin draped with very Irish lace. Being most decidedly a ball for the debutantes and not many married people having been included in the invitations, white gowns were in the majority. The music, furnished by the Guard's Band was particularly inspiring and well chosen, the popular air "School-Days" being especially appreciated and appropriate, as over thirty of the younger girls present have not been long emancipated from the thralldom of the school-room, which they are now most willingly exchanging for the gayety of the ball room.

On Wednesday afternoon another popular and very attractive young girl, Miss Lillias Ahearn, made her initial bow to society, when her mother, Mrs. Thomas Ahearn, invited a large number of both married and young ladies to a large reception at the family residence, Buena Vista. Quantities of the loveliest cut flowers were most artistically placed about all the rooms, and the arrangement of pink rosebuds and lily of the valley on the teatable in the diningroom was particularly admired. A large cut glass vase in the centre, filled with the blossoms, was attached by crystal chains to several smaller vases, and the whole was surrounded with billowy shell pink tulle. An orchestra, stationed in the large hall, played pretty and catchy airs during the afternoon. Mrs. Ahearn wore a very becoming costume of silver grey silk, the corsage draped with a bertha of rose pointe lace and carried a bouquet of violets. Miss Ahearn, whose beauty is of the brunette type, was in a shell pink crepe and she held a large sheaf of pink rosebuds. Mrs. Alex. Fleck, Mrs. Raymond Quayne, and Mrs. Harold Pinhey were kept very busy all afternoon at the teatable and had for their very attentive "aides" Miss Dorothy White, Miss Katherine Christie, Miss Norah Lewis, Miss Hughson, Miss Rose Fleck, the Misses Fraser, Miss Lily McGee and Miss Margaret Fitzpatrick. THE CHAPERONE.

Ottawa, Oct. 28, 1907.



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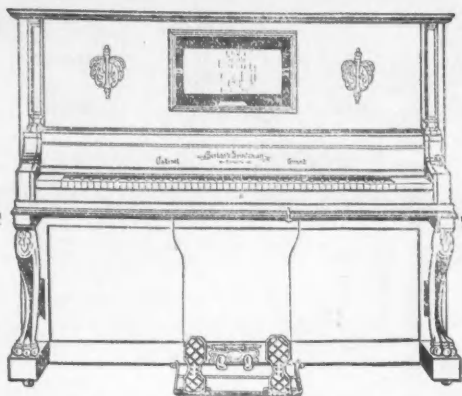
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## An Artist's Beginning

WHOEVER knows the best magazine illustrations knows the work of Howard Pyle. In his native town of Wilmington, Delaware, this artist has been studying, working, and teaching for more than twenty-five years. Julian Hawthorne, in the September Pearson's, writes the following description of Mr. Pyle:

He is himself a type of the unfettered; a stalwart, tall, simple American, unselfconscious as a boy; big-boned big-skulled, up-standing, wholesome; devoid of velvet coats and poses. I felt his powerful individuality, but there was no taint of "myself" about him; a spiritual fire forever aflame within him has burnt all that out of him. He thinks not of himself but of his work, whereby the work gains and others think much of him.

When he was a boy his parents made futile attempts to incite in him a pursuit of what was called a higher education. Nothing would do, however, but that he must draw things, even though his sketches failed to show any cleverness or talent; so finally he was allowed to go to an art school in Philadelphia.

A few years later we find him doing hack work in New York. His recognition that he must "abandon the little things and set sail for the big ones" ultimately led up to the following episode described by Mr. Hawthorne, an episode which was really the turning-point of his career:

He had been making little "ideas" for compositions and selling them to Harper's Weekly as suggestions to be worked up by other artists. One of these ideas was called "A Wreck in the Offing," a quaint old life-saving station, a man opening the door and shouting out, amid a gust of wind and snow, news of disaster to a group of men playing cards within. This idea so caught the editor's fancy that Pyle was emboldened to ask leave to work it up himself. Leave was graciously given!

"For weeks and weeks," said Pyle, "I labored on that picture—I gave up for it all my remunerative little jobs, and, as my expenses still went on just the same, I finally recognized the presence of financial stringency. The question was whether I could starve slowly enough to finish my picture first, or whether poverty would win the race against art. It turned out to be a pretty close contest."

As a matter of fact, on the day when the picture was in condition to be submitted to the art editor at Harper's, Pyle had got down to his actual last nickel, and debate arose in his mind whether it should be used for car fare, or saved for some more vital need. His studio was on Broadway near Thirty-second street, and the Harper's were down town opposite Brooklyn Bridge—or as much of it as was in existence at that epoch. There was no rapid transit in those days, one took a horse car and made the best of it. Pyle finally decided in favor of the car—for, even should his picture be declined, he could at least get a few dollars for the "idea." Arriving at the publishing office, he inquired for the art editor and was told that he was not there, he had gone home for the day!

There was nothing for it but to leave his picture and walk back to the studio. But what was he to do when he got there, with the appetite he would have by that time and nothing in his pockets? An artist friend of his lived on Fourteenth street near Broadway, and the needy youth stopped there with the intention of borrowing a small sum of money to go on with—he knew it would be readily given. But he could not bring himself to beg for help. He hung about the studio for a while, but could not screw up his courage to ask for a loan and so went away as empty as he came. Two roommates shared his studio with him; but neither could he bring himself to borrow of them. They were going out to the restaurant for their dinner and expected him to go with them as usual; to avoid explanations, Pyle pretended that he was ill and had no stomach for food. After they were gone, he ransacked the pockets of his old clothes, and felt rich when he turned out a stray fifty-cent piece, which tided him over till the next day—day big with fate.

Betimes in the morning he was at the door of the art department, pale with trepidation. "For," said he, "I felt that my fate was in the balance." Cold shudders ran up and down my spine. And when, entering the ante-room, I saw my picture leaning conspicuously against the wall, apparently ready for me to carry it away with me. I was sure that I had failed."

The art editor regarded the youth for a few moments in silence. Then he said, "Well, Mr. Pyle, Mr. Har-

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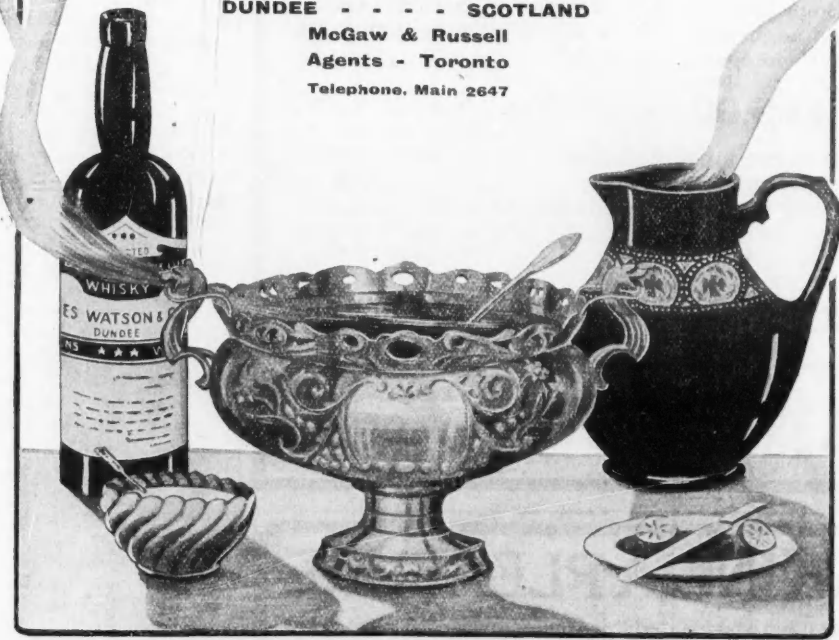


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## The Home Bank of Canada

Notice is hereby given that a Dividend at the rate of SIX PER CENT per annum upon the paid-up Capital Stock of The Home Bank of Canada has been declared for the Half-year, ending November 30th, 1907, and that the same will be payable at the Head Office and Branches of the Bank on and after Monday the second day of December next.

The Transfer Books will be closed from the 16th to the 30th of November prox., both days inclusive. By order of the Board.

Toronto, October 23rd, 1907.

JAMES MASON,  
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per has seen your picture and likes it."

Oh, what a rebound of joy and thankfulness in that dejected soul. But there was more good news coming.

"In fact," the editor continued, "he likes it so much that he thinks of using it for a double page."

Now, a double page in Harper's Weekly was at that time considered about as high an honor as an artist could aspire to in the way of illustration, and we may imagine, if we can, the delight and glory of a young cub-artist who has attained such a goal after such a night of need and bitter anxiety.

"I was liberally paid for that picture," Pyle remarked, "and the first thing I did was to take a friend to Delmonico's and order the best lunch that money could buy."

The Delmonico lunch marked the end of the poverty period. With that single picture Pyle entered art society in New York, becoming the companion of such men as Abbey, Reinhart and Frost, who were then the demigods of illustration; Chase, Dielman, Duveneck, and others who were just returned from studying abroad. Pyle found himself on the same plane with these men, but "fortunately"—to use his own words—the drawing which had lifted him to this elevation was, to him, so unsatisfactory that it stirred him up to do something better.

First Student: "How did he get to be a college president?" Second Student: "Oh, by degrees."—Lippincott's.